Congress: On the Take *James R. Polk*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—September 13, 1975, 50 cents

NEWSPAPER NEWS
NR BAD4 W019 OCT 75 1 01
BLADWIN WALLACE COLLEGE
RITTER LIB PERIODICALS 44017
BEREA OHIO

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Brokered Peace

The Editors

The Spanish Succession

Tad Szulc

Joseph L. Rauh on Felix Frankfurter
Derek Shearer on Jerry Brown
Melville J. Ulmer on Galbraith's Money
John Osborne on the White House Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
September 13, 1975

Testing, Testing

The big auditorium is crammed. Secret service and police all over. Spotlights flicker on the platform where nervous performers will ask their broadcast questions. The presidential seal hangs in front of the podium. You can tell the section over on the side is for the traveling press because it looks so bored. And the inevitable first words amplified to the audience in a kind of low thunder are always the same: "Testing, testing! One, Two, Three, Four; Four, Three, Two, One. Testing, testing! . . ." Minutes later Mr. Ford comes cheerfully forward with a friendly wave. And he says the economy is improving, and that 1,200,000 more people are at work now than last March, and that Congress has been profligate, and that grain to Russia won't send the price up, and that American corporations have to have a cut in taxes—"capital formation through tax incentives, but I prefer the term 'job creation'."

Ho hum. Testing, testing. Who is being tested? You and I; and Jerry Ford.

There's a game in Washington: which President does Ford remind you of?

Some critics say Herbert Hoover. Some admirers say Harry Truman (open, homespun, salty—a man of the people). Sometimes as I listen, particularly when I get the conservative overtones of Mr. Ford's economic advisers, the name that comes to me is Cal Coolidge.

"I want to see the American businessmen pushing merchandise, not pencils!" A roar of applause. The American Hardware Manufacturers' Association at Chicago laps it up. "Let's take the shackles off American businessmen; that is the only kind of hardware I don't approve of!" Cheers, tumult. What a peroration! President Ford brings the crowd yelling to its feet. Could Coolidge have done it? The best he managed was, "The business of America is business." In a wry way the quip expressed the age and the man.

They used to say of Coolidge's frugal thin-lipped sourness, "He was weaned on a pickle." His hat always seemed too small. But what copy! The newspapers built him into a myth. Silent Cal. (I have heard him talk interminably about some triviality as a "presidential spokesman"). He retired at 10 p.m. and napped in the afternoon; he slept five years over a volcano; always optimistic about business and the economy and telling Congress a year before the ceiling fell in, "the country . . . can anticipate the future with optimism." Dorothy Parker made that cruel remark when told he was dead, "How could they tell?"

President Ford is frank and friendly; not a bit like Cal personally. It is in his distrust of government, his exaltation of business, that he resembles the Vermonter. Mr. Ford's bold exposition of the trickle-down theory (aid business and you aid workers) is quite startling in this modern day. Of course there is some truth in it—we are better served if business prospers—but it comes oddly from an Executive who has vetoed so much social legislation. And some of the proposals supporting business at the expense of the budget are paradoxical for an administration that opposes government intervention so strongly: export subsidies, for example (Domestic International Sales Corporations, or DISCS) are too much for *The Wall Street Journal*. The program is a government handout, the paper says, and to hell with it. But Mr. Ford says piously, "We must not condemn our fellow citizens to unemployment because the modern tools needed to compete in world markets are lacking."

If you put several administration utterances together you get a strong feeling of the happy Coolidge-Mellon golden era before the dam cracked.

Government regulation: "My objective is to get the federal government as far out of business, out of your lives, out of your pocketbooks and out of your hair as I possibly can!"—President Ford, August 25.

Government spending: "Why has government spending exploded? Because, I would suggest, we have been willing to assign to the government the responsibility for solving many of the problems that people should be solving for themselves. The food stamp program . . . is a well known haven for the chiselers and rip-off artists."—Treasury Secretary Simon, August 12.

Welfare and Relief: "The whole human resource field is under the lash of federal law: doctors, hospitals, teachers, college presidents, students, volunteer agencies, city halls and state capitols—all are subject to this or that control from Washington . . . Much of our public assistance today offers incentives for people not to work. . . ."—HEW Secretary Weinberger, August 18.

These statements cause less anger than you might expect because they have an unreal quality—even to those who might agree with them. Does he really think business will be deregulated? There is an indulgent feeling that Mr. Ford is showing the old guard woolly mammoths that he is just as conservative as Ronald Reagan.

The trouble is that the Ford administration is probably slowing down recovery by its negativism. Nearly all economists now believe that the recession has touched bottom and that recovery has started. But how fast?

France and West Germany have just offered drastic government reflation programs. World bankers meeting here at the International Monetary Fund heard Managing Director Witteveen urge the richest nations, particularly Japan, West Germany and the United States to take bold recovery measures. Liberal US academic economists repeat that the country is following unwise conservatism. The deficit, for example: Mr. Ford worries about the $60-70 billion deficit in nearly every speech; but Walter Heller, former chairman of the Economic Council, says it is no bigger than in 1954 in terms of the now larger gross national product. The slump feeds on itself: $20 billion of the current deficit goes to unemployment insurance; perhaps $50 billion to lost tax revenue. Will more spending cause more inflation? Not with the present enormous cushion of idle men and factories, says prestigious Paul Samuelson, Nobel Laureate economist. Alice Rivlin, director of the new Congressional Budget Office, says a billion dollar public service jobs program now would quickly and easily produce 125,000 jobs. Cal Coolidge wouldn't approve of that, of course, nor the Ford economic team. And the slump drags on . . . Testing, testing. . . .

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 173, No. 11, Issue 3166, September 13, 1975. Published weekly (except the issues of January 4, July 12, August 9, August 23) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone 331-7494. Single copy, 50¢; Yearly subscriptions, $17; foreign, $20; students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1975 by The New Republic, Inc.* *Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

3 Comment
Brokered Peace
5 Science Atrocities—*Thomas J. Cottle*
6 White House Watch: In the Press Room —*John Osborne*
8 Down on Jerry Brown—*Derek Shearer*
10 On the Take—*James R. Polk*
18 The Spanish Succession—*Tad Szulc*
22 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
23 Where Are the Repertory Critics? —*Robert Brustein*
26 Books—Reviews by *Joseph L. Rauh, Melville J. Ulmer, Robert Leiter, David Sanford, Peter McGrath*
33 The Back of the Book—*Roger Rosenblatt*
34 Correspondence

The Staff

Chairman, Editorial Board—Martin Peretz
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Roger Rosenblatt
Senior Editor—John Osborne
Associate Editor—Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Cherryl Holt
Staff Writer—Lincoln Caplan
Contributing Editors—Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Tad Szulc, Melville J. Ulmer, Michael Walzer, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Manager—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Assistant Production Manager—Elise D. Ritter
Circulation Manager—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Leslie B. Seagrave
Advertising and Promotion—Beth W. Newburger
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan
Advertising Representative—E. Laurence White, 50 E. 42nd St., NYC 10017, (212) 986-6210

Brokered Peace

It is hard to imagine how fearful the world would seem today if a second interim agreement had not been reached in the Middle East. While we do not at this writing know the exact details of the American undertakings to Israel and Egypt, we do know the essence of them; and it is clear that these are crucial underpinnings of the overall agreement announced publicly, and that they alone made this pact possible after the negotiating fiasco last March. In the US the debate over America's new role in the region has already begun; and since Congress will have to act with considerable speed, it is important that the context and possible consequences of the accord be fully understood.

First of all the terms of this agreement appear to be significantly better from Israel's point of view than those offered six months ago. It is not to the credit of the US that it was prepared in March to impose on its ally an arrangement so much less advantageous than the present one—insisting, at the time, that nothing more was possible. Last week's achievement represents at least a small victory for Israeli fortitude, a rebuke to those who thought the Rabin government pointlessly obstinate. It also marks an American return to sensible calm after the panic of last spring. The collapse of South Vietnam generated a mood of desperation in Washington, and Israel was very nearly made a victim of it. The American "reappraisal" of its Mideast position after the failure of the negotiations seemed a kind of revenge on the Israelis for refusing to play their part in creating good news for the United States. But as the months passed, it became clear that there was nothing else to do except to resume the diplomatic efforts so abruptly cut off—and this time to move them along at a pace and in an atmosphere more appropriate to the seriousness of the issues involved. That resumption and its eventual success is a welcome recovery, moral as well as political, for American diplomacy. This is Secretary Kissinger's accomplishment, and it should be recognized as that.

The major moves since March have been American moves: to offer Israel a greater degree of diplomatic, military and economic support; to provide a more credible guarantee of its oil supply; and to permit the stationing of US technicians in the Sinai passes. This last, it should be stressed, is an expedient. Rather than American personnel policing the agreement, Israel would have preferred the establishment of mixed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israeli-Egyptian surveillance teams. But Egypt would not accept this kind of cooperation. So there will be US-Israeli and US-Egyptian teams, and several stations manned by Americans alone. The proposed arrangement is a continuation of the recent negotiating pattern into the post-negotiation period. It avoids, as Kissinger's diplomacy has consistently done, those direct contacts between the adversaries that Israel has always sought. It extends the American middleman role, offering Israel a somewhat greater degree of security but not yet peaceful links with its neighbors. As the US has stood between Israel and Egypt in the negotiations, so it must now stand between them—at least symbolically—on the ground. It's not the best arrangement, though it may well be the best that is possible.

Israel has also extracted new concessions from Egypt, some explicit, others conveyed privately to Israel via the US. These have to do chiefly with the principle of the renunciation of force, the duration of the agreement now set at three years from date of implementation, and with the exact lines and terms of withdrawal and mutual disengagement. The Israeli defensive position, established on Jebel Gidi, the highest point in the region and in the foothills of the passes, is better than it would have been in March. Moreover, the agreement, with its tough restrictive provisions on missiles, weapons and troop numbers, preserves the essentially demilitarized character of the vacated areas—an important precedent for Israel and to peace. It does seem clear that the more secure the Israelis are, the less likely war is, and the safer the American technicians will be. If the Americans are there primarily for Israel's protection, they are also protected by Israel's strength. Our government should not undermine the painfully attained stability in the region by rushing to sell or give Egypt the very arms that might entice it to war.

But for all these gains, the fundamental structure of the agreement is what it was in March: Israel is taking major strategic risks in return for minimal political gains. Drew Middleton's sober analysis in *The New York Times* of the military disadvantages Jerusalem has incurred reads very much like the nightmares of Israel's hawks: another war with the new lines would take many more Israeli lives. Golda Meir voiced just about everyone's realistic apprehensions when she said that the accord should be greeted "not with mourning . . . not with fanfare." Nor should one minimize the gravity for oil-starved Israel of its retreat from the Abu Rudeis fields. In the early negotiations, it had hoped to establish the right to purchase at going world prices some of the Sinai's oil production. But Egypt would have none of this normalizing commercial relationship either. So Israel was obliged to give up what the whole world now frantically pursues.

It may be that President Sadat has made all the political concessions he can make in the context of Arab politics; it may be that his commitment to the Egyptian economy is the best guarantee he can offer Israel of a period, at least, of détente. These points are commonly made in the American press, and perhaps they are right. But there is little evidence to prove that he has gone the limit of what he might do, and the great advantage of Egypt's position right now is that it is very hard to test Sadat's intentions. Egypt's behavior at the recent conferences of African and "nonaligned" states suggests how easy it is to look moderate by standing just this side of a group of fanatics. One supposes that the Israeli government should be pleased that Egypt worked, on both these occasions, to defeat proposals to expel it from the United Nations. On the other hand the proposals that Egypt worked *for* are sufficiently unfriendly to undercut the pleasure. The punitive sanctions of the UN charter now proposed against Israel have, after all, never been voted against any member state. Is this a small step forward—or part of a long-term policy of hostility? Another example: among the political provisions of the agreement is that Egypt ease the economic boycott of companies dealing with Israel. But as the accord was about to be initialed, the Arab Boycott Office in Cairo announced that three additional American companies had been placed on the index. The truth is that the Israelis must make concessions, tangible and irrevocable, without being sure that Egypt has made any at all or that it will sustain those it does make.

It clearly is in America's interest that Israel make these concessions. That is the chief reason the US has emerged in these negotiations as a full participant, no longer merely a mediator or "honest broker." In truth we were never merely mediators; our interests made us participants long ago. We have a general political interest in maintaining peace in the Middle East, a specific strategic interest in minimizing the Russian role in the area, and a concrete economic interest in guaranteeing our own (and Europe's and Japan's) oil supply. All these motives lie behind the steady pressure we have brought to bear on Israel over the past months. And while there are still opportunities for Russian mischief in the area, particularly as intra-Arab conflict intensifies, Secretary Kissinger has certainly succeeded in dislodging the Soviet Union as the preeminent foreign power in Egypt. This attainment will also give American corporations the advantage over competing commercial interests in much of the Arab world.

To be sure, the Israelis have good reasons of their own for signing the agreement. But the pressures we have exerted explain the commitments the US has had to make. When a great power imposes risks on its allies for its own sake, it incurs obligations. Perhaps the greatest advantage of the present agreement is that obligations are spelled out and (some of them at least) formally submitted to Congress for ratification. Such has not been the case in the past: in 1956, for example, when the US pressured Israel to withdraw from the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sinai, making promises that were never publicized and (partly for that reason) never kept. In 1970, at the time of the cease-fire that ended the war of attrition, the US gave Israel private assurances as to Egyptian behavior that turned out (again largely because they were private) to be valueless. This time public debate and public acceptance will give the agreement a new and significant force. Yet it will hardly be fully reassuring. Were Cairo to become bellicose, the diplomatic response from Washington should be tough and quick, as surely it would be were Jerusalem to turn bellicose; but Egyptian provocations can also be temptations for the US government "to trade for its own account," leaving Israel more exposed and vulnerable.

There is already some opposition to the agreement in Washington. A number in Congress, led by Senator Mansfield, have sharply criticized the stationing of Americans in the Sinai—as if this country might serve its interests in the Middle East without accepting any concrete responsibilities at all, a course of action sometimes possible, but rarely honorable. The example of Vietnam has been invoked, but we can see little in common between sending "advisers" (who were not really advisers) to help one side in an on-going military struggle, as President Kennedy did in 1961, and stationing surveillance teams between two sides (with the consent and at the behest of both) in a war that is temporarily, and may be permanently ended. It is strange that Sen. Mansfield should be so quick to talk of the lessons of Vietnam when he never quite learned those lessons with regard to Vietnam itself, and was never a strong force in the congressional fight against American involvement. Apparently the Vietnam analogy will be used for a long time to come against any foreign policy measure that a politician dislikes.

Nevertheless, it seems likely that Congress will endorse the Kissinger arrangements. A refusal to do so would virtually require the US to withdraw from any substantial role in the making of a Mideast peace. And no one in Washington is prepared for that. At the same time congressmen should express their sense that, to endure, peace requires a direct settlement between Arabs and Israelis, and that the American presence, so vital now, need not be vital forever.

Science Atrocities

It's not even four months since the afternoon I reacted abruptly and coldly to some eager left wing students. We were talking oppression, FBI tactics, Rockefeller, when they presented me with the news—stuff they said they could prove—of the government using drugs on people. What kind of drugs, I asked with angry amazement. LSD, they answered. I glared at them. "You always undercut your own purposes. You want to talk oppression, I'll talk oppression. You want to talk imperialism, elitism, I'll talk imperalism, elitism. The government didn't use LSD on people. They probably still don't even know what it is." The students gave me that look that says, *we're* hurt now, but *you'll* see.

Now, of course, the news is out, more of it every day. *The New York Times* reports large scale experimentation with LSD and the importance of not telling the subjects—that marvelous scientific term—of the nature of the experiment, for fear that the experiment's results might be prejudiced. And after all, as one of the doctors said, "How would you describe hallucination to someone who has never hallucinated?" I suppose the same way you describe sickness to someone who had been healthy: slowly and with compassion.

The LSD experiments performed on unwilling volunteers—soldiers and civilians—represent an invasion of privacy, an attack on the human body and mind, testimony to a grotesque misordering of human values. In many respects, ironically, they raise again the issues of the Watergate scandal. Powerful people invading the private recesses of men they don't respect, justifying this invasion on the grounds of higher truth, like national security or the sacredness of experimentation, and finally, covering it all up. What else can one say; it *is* mind boggling, mind blowing. A man puts on a white lab coat and suddenly the most incredible transformations occur; everybody seems to honor the authority and believe in the justifications not only of the research, but of the methods.

I look again at the reports of these experiments, and think of Mr. Olsen, the CIA's LSD suicide, and Harold Blauer, another casualty of the research , and feel the urge to deny it all. It is, all of it, science fiction.

The LSD experiments, however, are no isolated series of events. White-coated authorities experimented on prisoners in concentration camps and in American prisons as well. In the South and in Michigan, women prisoners have been sterilized, and prisoners everywhere have been used as guinea pigs, research subjects. To what degree proper precautions were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

taken in these experiments cannot be judged. The Army procedures are probably typical. Enormous grants are received, experimentation proceeds, results are reported, heaven only knows what happens to the people. The people themselves don't always know. To document these invasions of human rights in the name of, well, science remains difficult. Nevertheless those of us who have been prowling around in hospitals—not merely observing the mistreatment of patients in emergency rooms—are beginning to hear some familiar refrains. Nurses, young doctors in training, orderlies, low level hospital personnel, talk about experimentation with untried drugs. The subjects of these experiments are usually poor people, frequently children. Word has it that a patient may be taken off his or her medication in order to test the effects of a drug. Sometimes consent of the patient or a parent is obtained, often it is not. Moreover consent might mean explaining the experiment and that might contaminate the results.

No one can begrudge the inevitable experimentation that proceeds on a daily basis in most branches of medicine. Creativity, ingenuity, guesswork, intuition—they're all part of experimentation in one form or another. Old ways do not work and there is no time to systematically explore alternatives; one concocts on the spur of the moment. It is a mini-experiment, worth trying when all else fails. I would want a doctor to make such an experiment on me.

One must also support all varieties of medical research, particularly those where new procedures and new drugs are tested, and eventually tested on people. Indeed it is academic to say one supports such research since every drug we consume has been tested on someone at some time. But these large scale experiments must be carried out in accordance with scientific and ethical standards. To the extent that we know these standards, it is clear we do not adhere to them. To volunteer for an experiment and be told the nature of that experiment is one thing, to be denied access to information, openly duped, or even intimidated is another matter entirely. There is no drug that needs to be tested on people under duress. Not only is this practice utterly immoral, one might also argue that the duress itself, because of biochemical changes, may contaminate the results of the experiment.

And finally the inevitability of all this drug testing does not automatically mean that the poor and powerless serve as guinea pigs in whose bodies chemical mysteries may be watched. Where then, are the ethics in all these experiments? Where is even a shred of the feeling that is supposed to accompany the taking of the Hippocratic Oath? Have they vanished in the wake of a technologically driven culture, or were they, perhaps, never there?

Thomas J. Cottle

Mr. Cottle is affiliated with the Children's Defense Fund.

White House Watch

In the Press Room

The agreement of Israel and Egypt to begin to agree had a worthy though incidental and unnoticed effect in Washington. It provided the occasion for a couple of hours of good humor in the White House press room, a place where the recent norm has been sour and unproductive conflict between Press Secretary Ron Nessen and the 30 to 40 reporters who regularly attend his briefings.

The good humor prevailed partly because the occasion for it arose on the Labor Day holiday, partly because Nessen wasn't there, and partly because the President placed himself for promotional purposes in a ludicrous situation that had nothing to do with the importance and merits of the Israeli-Egyptian agreement. Nessen was with the Ford family at Camp David, the presidential retreat in the Maryland mountains near Washington. Word that the Israeli cabinet had approved the agreement had hardly arrived at Camp David when it was decided that televising the President in successive telephone conversations with Henry Kissinger and Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin in Jerusalem and with President Anwar Sadat in Alexandria would be a splendid thing to do. A CBS camera crew, pooling for all the networks, was summoned from Washington and made it only in time to photograph the President in his attempt at conversation with Sadat. The White House press office and press room, closed for the holiday, were opened. Washington news offices and reporters, many of whom were at home, were alerted by telephone. Most of the few press staff members and the 20 or so reporters who turned up, male and female, were in slacks, sweaters, windbreakers, tennis or sports shoes. They were in a mood to be amused and they were when the recorded conversations were transmitted to the press room from Camp David. Nessen bet Bill Roberts of his staff a dollar that the media would find a way to make fun of the event. Nessen won.

For openers, the President on the telephone to Jerusalem called Henry Kissinger "Ron" and continued: "I have to tell you and later when I talk to the Prime Minister and the President [tell them] that Walker is recording this conversation." 'Walker' is the staff code name for the White House Communications Agency, an army facility that provides and protects special presidential communications channels. Mr. Ford didn't tell Messrs. Rabin and Sadat that they were being recorded. The President later mentioned, as if it were something he had nothing to do with, a statement that had been drafted and was issued in his name at the White House before he got on the telephone. The statement reflected the Ford staff's incessant effort to establish the President's primacy over Kissinger in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

foreign affairs. It had Mr. Ford saying near the beginning: "I have consistently worked for this outcome. I am deeply gratified . . ." Secretary Kissinger and his "tireless efforts" were mentioned and commended in the last sentence. After telling Kissinger that he was being recorded "for historical purposes" and being told by Kissinger that "I have no objections," Mr. Ford evened matters by speaking as follows: "Well, let me say, Henry, very very deep, very deeply, how very grateful I am for the tremendous effort you have made in this last round of negotiations. I know how long and hard and devotedly you have spent many, many hours not only with me but with Prime Minister Rabin and President Sadat. I think this is a great achievement, the most historic, certainly, of this decade and perhaps in this century. . . ." Kissinger is aware of the staff manuevers and is also aware that Mr. Ford values the appearance of primacy almost as much as his staff does. The Secretary of State presumably had all this in mind when he replied in part: "I appreciate this very much, Mr. President, and of course we have spent more time on the Middle East, you and I, than on almost any other problem." After further discussion of what the President called "one of the great achievements for the world," Kissinger said near the close of the conversation: "Well Mr. President, we have worked together on this and your strong support and your leadership in your talks [in Salzburg and Washington] with Sadat and Rabin made this possible."

This Alphonse-and-Gaston act and the chummy conversation with Prime Minister Rabin that followed mildly amused the reporters. The third conversation, mostly between the President and a dim voice that seemed to belong to either an Egyptian telephone operator or a Sadat assistant and was heard to say only "hello" at intervals between Mr. Ford's dogged efforts to thank Sadat "for your statesmanship" and "the leadership that you've given," reduced the press room audience, including the White House employees, to unkind but justified laughter. Two of the few remarks that were clearly Sadat's were "I hope you are well" and "I hope . . . the momentum of this course continues." Mr. Ford seized with plaintive joy upon the second remark, saying three times in slightly different words that "I assure you, Mr. President, we're going to keep the momentum going." All good or anyhow refreshing things must end and this one mercifully did with Mr. Ford's rather strained "the best to you, sir. And Henry will be there shortly. Okay—bye, bye."

Things in the press room were back to normal the next day with reporters snarling at Nessen and Nessen poorly prepared for the day's briefing. Any meaningful amplification of the published texts would—he said—have to await Kissinger's return. In the course of doing his best to field questions about who would protect the proposed team of American technicians in the surveillance zones, Nessen seemed to be either unaware or lacking the wit to say that the UN Emergency Force stationed between Israeli and Egyptian areas would have that responsibility. In trying to answer a series of questions put to him by one of the press group's leading snarlers, based on the illusion that the US is promising "to pay for Israel's oil for years and years to come," Nessen seemed not to know that the US promises only to assure Israel of a steady oil supply, not necessarily or explicitly to pay for the oil.

Here a point should be made that is seldom made in Nessen's behalf. He and his senior deputy, William Greener, usually meet before the briefings with staff chief Donald Rumsfeld, deputy chief Richard Cheney, and Counsellor John Marsh. Then Nessen, Rumsfeld, Marsh, chief lobbyist Max Friedersdorf, sometimes Cheney, and Counsellor Robert Hartmann meet with the President. Nessen and his assistants do a lot of other checking. But it is principally at these meetings that Nessen is informed, coached, and given the line to take on important and anticipated subjects. Kissinger's and the Kissinger NSC staff's grudging cooperation with Nessen, a circumstance that arises in part from Nessen's known antipathy for Kissinger, contributes to the press secretary's appearance of uncertainty in dealing with foreign affairs. It therefore is inaccurate and unfair to charge Nessen with sole or, in some instances, main responsibility for his displays of ignorance and-or ineptitude. He reflects an ineptitude and deficiency of comprehension that are characteristic of the Ford White House. A familiar cliché in pieces on this subject is that no press secretary can be successful and effective in the post-Watergate period. This observer has come to doubt that any press secretary can be successful and effective at the Ford White House.

The White House press corps has its own deficiencies. One of them is a pervasive and humorless self-righteousness. It is typified by the almost total lack of any indication in questions on a currently favored subject—who pays for the President's travels in this political season—that service to the press is an important item in these controversial costs. Four members of the White House press and transportation staffs are on the West Coast at this writing, preparing for the Ford press party on an overnight trip to Seattle and Sacramento. Recently and secretly, Nessen broached an idea that he probably will put into practice. The purpose is to reduce the travel costs that the President's personal campaign committee will have to pay, and that will be chargeable against the new pre-nomination expenditure limit of $10 million, once Mr. Ford admits that he is campaigning for the 1976 nomination. The idea is to let 20 to 28 instead of the usual seven or eight journalists ride on Air Force One and charge their employers the equivalent of first-class fares. Hubert Humphrey and George McGovern met most of their plane costs that way in 1968 and 1972. Presidents never have.

John Osborne

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

California's Rising Star

Down on Jerry Brown

by Derek Shearer

Earlier this summer, Gov. Edmund G. Brown, Jr. fired California's director of employment development, James Lorenz—a strong advocate of state action to create jobs for the unemployed. To me and many other Californians, the dismissal appeared to signal that the much heralded "new spirit" in Sacramento is fast becoming, as *Time* calls it, "the new conservatism."

Lorenz, the first Brown appointee to be fired was one of the first hired. In January, he appeared to be the prototypical Brown appointee. A magna cum laude graduate of Harvard and Harvard Law School, Lorenz had founded California Rural Legal Assistance, one of the most effective legal aid groups in the country. During the Regan years, CRLA had engaged in fierce battles with the same state employment development department that Lorenz was later selected to head. EDD is a huge 13,000-person department, whose jurisdiction includes the state employment/unemployment offices, the state manpower planning office, and the state office of economic opportunity. In addition to managing the day-to-day activities of the department, Brown specifically gave Lorenz a mandate to propose ways of finding jobs for a million unemployed.

Lorenz did not hesitate to accept the assignment. During the fall campaign against the Republican former state controller Houston Flourney, Brown—known as Jerry to differentiate him from his father, former governor Edmund G. "Pat" Brown—had cited marching with Cesar Chavez and the farmworkers, supporting Eugene McCarthy, and working down south for civil rights as among his most formative experiences. He campaigned vigorously on the issue of political reform. Most liberal activists in the state expected that he would be California's first genuine reform governor since New Dealer Culbert Olson was elected in the 1930s.

Brown's first appointments seemed to support this expectation. He selected two officials of the Sierra Club for the top positions in the state resources agency. As Secretary of Health and Welfare he named a Chicano lawyer who had been on welfare as a child. The deputy health secretary was a lawyer who had worked in CRLA. As legal advisers, Brown chose a public interest lawyer and an attorney from the northern California American Civil Liberties Union. His director of health had been Cesar Chavez's personal physician.

These appointments were greeted with some enthusiasm by the press. The *Sacramento Bee* wrote, in generally favorable terms, of the "old boy" public interest network from which these people came. Less attention was paid to the fact that in the areas most directly affecting business Brown was less adventurous. He made a Reagan holdover the state insurance commissioner, and another old Reagan appointee became corporations commissioner. As Secretary of Business and Transportation, Brown chose an old Yale Law School friend who is considered sympathetic to the banking industry. A lawyer with no experience in consumer issues was named to head the Department of Consumer Affairs. And a University of California professor, friendly to agribusiness, was made director of agriculture.

Brown's straightforward, 10 minute inaugural address—the shortest in California history—named the few issues on which he proposed to move immediately: a farmworkers bill; tax loopholes; a collective bargaining bill for public employees; and jobs. He did not commit himself to anything else and has not added to the list since January.

From his first day in office, Brown received favorable publicity for rejecting the material perquisites of the office. He announced that if it were built, he would not live in the multimillion dollar governor's mansion promoted by Reagan. He traded Reagan's limousine for a blue Plymouth. Instead of hiring a private jet, he flies commercial planes. He cut back on private body guards and banned police from the governor's office. He announced that his executive staff would take a seven percent cut in salary. He refused to reorder free briefcases for government employees, saying they read too many papers anyway. He criticized the high salaries of University of California administrators.

Trained for years to be a jesuit priest, which he gave up ultimately for law school and politics, Brown has had no trouble freeing himself from material wants. He does, however, revel in the psychic rewards of his office. He makes a habit of dropping in unannounced at meetings or government departments, where he immediately becomes the center of attention, inter-

---

Derek Shearer was, until recently, special consultant to the director of California's employment development department. He is currently a director of the California Public Policy Center in Los Angeles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

rupting whatever is going on. He peppers officials with barbed, often witty questions, then barely listens to their answers before firing off another question.

In appointing individuals to state office, he has insisted on personally interviewing all of them, often for periods of up to four hours. And he rarely, if ever, consults with groups affected by the appointments. Two Chicano legislators who represent Mexican-American communities in Los Angeles were livid when Brown appointed a Chicano as Health and Welfare Secretary without asking their opinions and without informing them of the selection before releasing the news to the press. Brown's answer to this criticism is that as governor, it's his responsibility alone to make appointments.

With one or two exceptions, Brown has selected people whom he can dominate and outshine. The Brown administration is not run as a government of equals. There is a single star at the top. In the process Brown has created a slow-moving, inefficient decision-making operation. Memos and policy papers sent to the governor's office go unanswered, sometimes unread. Department press releases all must be reviewed by the governor's press secretary. The government seems to grind to a halt while Brown focuses his attention on one issue at a time. Cabinet meetings, which ought to be forums for policy debate, are more like entertainments with Brown as the top performer.

The two men who could freely criticize Brown—Tom Quinn and Richard Maullin—are no longer close to him. They masterminded his election, but decided not to accept positions on his executive staff. Ambitious and eager for personal recognition, they became heads of the state Air Resources Board and the state Energy Commission, respectively. The only immediate figure with the stature to stand up to Brown is former New York Congressman Allard Lowenstein, who spent the summer in Sacramento directing college interns in a study of the state government. Lowenstein is going back East this month, leaving Brown to those who indulge his vanity and his image of himself as the new unmaterialistic anti-politician.

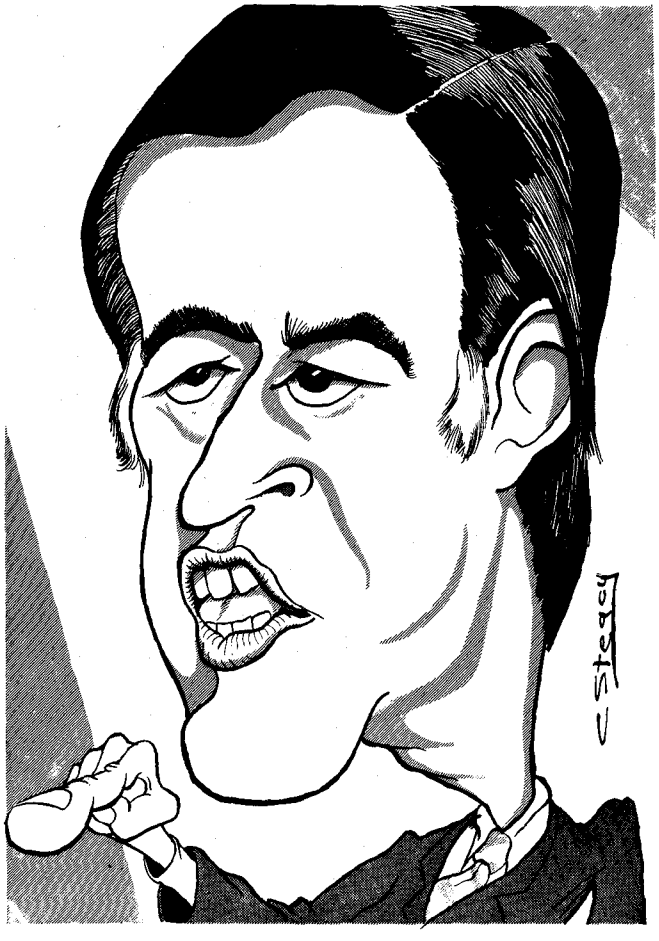
Brown deserves credit for getting a bill through the legislature giving farmworkers the right to choose their own union by secret ballot. Key participants—legislators, growers, UFW and Teamster representatives—were called to Brown's office for meetings that lasted long into the night to hammer out a compromise bill. Brown worked hard studying the issues for the meetings, and it was always clear that the governor was in control.

The events leading up to the firing of employment director Jim Lorenz illustrate how Brown plays the prima donna. I saw this firsthand as a special consultant to Lorenz working on programs to create jobs.

Lorenz's difficulties with the governor came early Brown insisted on interviewing Lorenz's deputies personally. The first person Lorenz chose—a black woman, a former welfare rights organizer from Watts—the governor rejected, saying she might organize demonstrations against him. It seemed impossible to get the department moving if every potential deputy had to spend time talking with Jerry. After a few frustrating weeks, Lorenz began giving his chosen deputies interim positions.

As soon as possible, we set to work on programs to create jobs. We studied what other states and countries were doing, met with some of the best economists and manpower experts in the nation and read proposals from previous administrations. We prepared detailed policy papers for the governor. It appeared that Brown had no time to read them and would not delegate the task to someone else. At a meeting on jobs policy—one of the few he attended—Brown completely dominated the meeting, telling us to study a Zen commune in northern California that he admired. At one point, he said, "There is no unemployment crisis. When there are people rioting in the streets, then we will know that a problem exists."

Lorenz decided that he ought to recast our policy papers in the form of a simple memo that might catch the governor's attention. The memo, entitled "Jobs for Self-Sufficiency," quoted one of Brown's favorite books, *Small is Beautiful* by British economist E.F. Schumacher. Our proposal emphasized getting people off welfare and unemployment and into jobs.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The heart of the memo was that the administration should redefine public service employment by relying on private community groups, not government bureaucracy to provide work. We proposed a series of model work projects to be administered by such groups as the East Los Angeles Community Union, the United Auto Workers and the Friends of the Earth. The new jobs would include work in neighborhood health clinics, construction of bike paths, planting of urban gardens, and the rehabilitation of old buildings. If these projects succeeded, we'd have the basis for a more elaborate program covering 100,000 people. We also recommended that the administration explore the possibility of creating a state bank and a state development corporation, and we suggested that banks and insurance companies be required to disclose where they make loans.

The memo found its way to the rightwing *Oakland Tribune*, which characterized it in a front page headline as: BROWN'S SECRET PLAN FOR WORKER STATE. Our mention of cooperatives was transformed into, "Communes Key to Plan." The entire memo was treated as part of a plot to replace capitalism in California. Conservative Republican state Senator H.L. Richardson called it "a socialist document prepared by a socialist appointee of a socialist thinking governor."

Brown reacted to the press leak by announcing that he hadn't even read the memo and that it carried no more weight with him than any suggestions that reporters might have to create jobs. He quickly established an advisory committee made up of the state's most powerful business leaders, including the heads of the Bank of America, Standard Oil, and Pacific Telephone. The only reporter invited to the first meeting of the committee was the *Oakland Tribune* newsman who had revealed the "secret plan."

A few weeks later the governor asked Lorenz to resign. There were hints of another job, possibly a position such as a judgeship, if Lorenz would go quietly. He chose to go out on the issue, and Brown fired him, giving mismanagement as the reason.

It seems fair to conclude that Lorenz was fired for carrying out the mandate the governor had given him six months before. Brown had apparently changed his mind about the importance of tackling real problems like unemployment. A policy of criticizing government bureaucracy—"naysaying" *Newsweek* calls it—seems to be working well for him. The most recent polls show Brown is more popular than his father or Reagan ever was. He has impressed national columnists like Evans and Novak and Joseph Kraft, and they have written favorable pieces. There are hints from politicians such as Senator Alan Cranston and assembly leader Leo McCarthy that Brown is a likely prospect for President, even in 1976. Allard Lowenstein has been arranging dinners for Brown, at which he's met various party activists.

Like Governors Daniel Walker of Illinois and Michael Dukakis of Massachusetts, Brown has found a political success formula by promoting the idea that government bureaucracy and government regulation are to blame for our troubles. These men ignore the key role of corporate power in America. There is no reason for Brown to tolerate individuals like Lorenz who want government to take positive action. Such people can be political liabilities, especially if one is seeking the presidency.

The Secret Fringe Benefits Enjoyed by Congress

On the Take

by James R. Polk

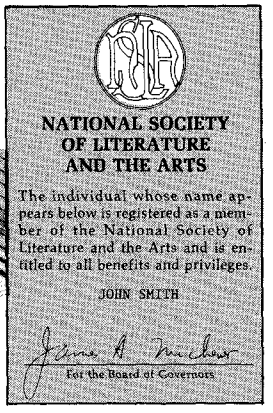
As an executive at the Ford Motor Co. plant in the Atlanta suburb of Hapeville told it, he was flying in a small private plane over the Georgia countryside looking for an open space to park cars when he spotted a farm field along a highway a few dozen miles south of the city. So the company paid the owner $12,500 to rent the land for five weeks.

That farmer was Rep. John J. Flynt Jr. (D, Ga.). Flynt, at 60 a conservative Southerner who has spent a third of his life in Congress, did not list that payment on his routine yearly financial filing with the House Ethics Committee—and, as the rules read, he probably was not required to do so under the rather skimpy regulations for such reports. But the money was uncovered by his Republican opponent in last fall's campaign, and despite the national Democratic land-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now when you subscribe to Saturday Review you join a select society...

The National Society of Literature and the Arts.


NATIONAL SOCIETY
OF LITERATURE
AND THE ARTS
The individual whose name appears below is registered as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts and is entitled to all benefits and privileges.
JOHN SMITH
For the Board of Governors

Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled in the Society—entitled to all benefits and privileges —at no extra cost.

A subscription to Saturday Review has always been an outstanding value for everyone whose range of interests includes literature and the arts.

Today it's a better value than ever before.

Because now Saturday Review subscribers are automatically enrolled as members of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. *Without extra cost.* And are entitled to all the advantages of membership.

SR recently helped establish the National Society of Literature and the Arts to provide readers of the magazine with new membership benefits, and to provide the arts in America with a long-needed, powerful constituency.

The aim of the Society is to strengthen the arts at every level—in the schools, in the community, and in the nation. Serving on the Society's Board of Governors are Agnes de Mille, Andrew Wyeth, Harold Taylor, James Michener, Leontyne Price, Norman Cousins, R. Buckminster Fuller, Richard Rodgers, Roger Stevens, Roland Gelatt, S. Spencer Grin, and Walter Kerr.

What are the benefits of membership in the National Society of Literature and the Arts? They include:

- A 20 per cent discount on purchases of new books ordered through the Society's book department.
- Eligibility for special arts tours, both foreign and domestic, arranged for the Society.
- Opportunities to attend and participate in conferences and symposiums organized by the Society to examine important issues affecting the arts.
- Regular reports on the Society's activities in "Artsletter," the biweekly newsletter published in each issue of Saturday Review.

All of these membership advantages, of course, are in addition to a full year's subscription to Saturday Review —brighter, livelier, more informative, more talked-about than ever.

What does today's expanded Saturday Review *review?*

Everything that excites and lights up your mind.

National and world affairs. World peace. Books, music, records, theatre, film, fine art, dance, photography. Travel. Education. Science. The environment. Plus cartoons, puzzles, and scores of regular features to sharpen your mind and your wits.

SR articles and columns are written by outstanding authorities in every field. Men and women who write as clearly as they think. And leave you with new insights and new ideas issue after issue.

Each new Saturday Review will add to your knowledge, your range of interests, and *your enjoyment of living.*

SUBSCRIBE NOW—ENJOY FREE NSLA MEMBERSHIP

When you subscribe to SR now for a full year at $14—the lowest rate available—you will be automatically enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts. You'll receive a personal membership card, and will then be entitled to all benefits and privileges offered Society members.

Use the order form today to start your Saturday Review subscription and NSLA membership.

ORDER FORM

Yes, please enter my subscription to Saturday Review for one year at $14—the lowest rate available, saving me $5.50 on single copy costs. I understand that, as a Saturday Review subscriber, I'll automatically be enrolled as a member of the National Society of Literature and the Arts, entitled to all benefits and privileges, and will be sent a personal membership card.

☐ **$14 enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

(Above offer good in U.S. only)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: **SATURDAY REVIEW**
P.O. Box 2118, Rock Island, Ill. 61207

ELA 5K0062

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slide, Flynt barely won reelection. Ford officials had said they needed the land to store 3000 new cars withheld from the market while the government was forcing retesting of antipollution devices on 1973 models. Flynt took an outspoken stance on the House floor at the end of 1973 favoring the easing of government regulations for automobile exhaust controls. He called them "ridiculous in the extreme."

Flynt was just another obscure face in Congress last fall. But his seniority, perpetuated by his survival at the polls, thrust him into a new role. The freshman revolt in the Democratic caucus swept out an aging chairman of the House Armed Services Committee and replaced him with another feeble old man, who therefore had to give up the reins of the minor, neglected committee he previously headed. Into that vacancy moved John Flynt, as the new chairman of the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct—popularly known, without good reason, as the House Ethics Committee. An ethics committee is among the most useless creations on Capitol Hill. Often it serves to delay, defuse and do nothing. The House group meets for maybe an hour each month and almost never gets to the end of its agenda. Flynt, steeped in the customs and courtesies of Congress, has shown no sign that he will depart from the House history of inaction.

Congress is confronted this session with a series of critical ethical issues. Foremost among the proposed reforms is one that would have affected Flynt—a push for tight rules on financial disclosure, to open the books on outside income, property holdings and gifts, not only involving congressmen, but judges and top administration officials. Other efforts would crack down on secret private expense funds for congressmen and would shed more light on lobbying. So far Congress has been able to avoid the questions.

The outrages of the Nixon White House clouded and covered up what otherwise might have become apparent to the American public: the dry rot in Congress itself. The recent record is startling. Since 1970, payoff convictions have touched three senators' offices. In the House, four congressmen have been pronounced guilty, and influence-peddling charges have gone as high as the office of the Speaker. Watergate was a compelling distraction.

Senate passed a requirement for full financial disclosure for lawmakers last session as part of the campaign money reforms, but that move died in the House. Few would argue that disclosure alone would remove all temptations, but it would afford the public an opportunity to share the role of watchdog over the private dealings of congressmen. Sen. Birch Bayh (D, Ind.) has said, "I think the most important thing . . . in serving in Congress, is to put everything on top of the table and then let the people themselves know whether there is a conflict of interest or not." Sen. Howard W. Cannon (D, Nev.) said it simply, "The public has a right to know."

Both the House and Senate have been reluctant to meet the issue again this year. On the House side, Rep. Walter Flowers (D, Ala.) who rose above regional origins in the impeachment hearings last year, has been quite slow to become twice a man of conscience. Although he shares responsibility with Flynt's committee, Flowers has yet to schedule hearings by his House Judiciary subcommittee on the financial disclosure issue. On the other side of Capitol Hill, Cannon, who led the drive for reform last time, has pleaded preoccupation with other matters this session. Both have been talking about the possibility of getting started this fall.

The problems for lawmakers in opening up personal finances can be seen in the case histories of questionable situations that involve four senators who each voted for the last reform bill with its disclosure requirements: Cannon; Sen. Abraham A. Ribicoff (D, Conn.), Sen. Mike Gravel (D, Alaska), and Bayh, who is now a presidential hopeful.

Of the four, only the Ribicoff case embraces an outright violation of law. That violation may have been inadvertent, and it is dated enough now to be beyond legal reach but it is nevertheless inexcusable, for it indicates a careless disregard for narrow boundaries of propriety in public office. Ribicoff has been a longtime friend of Charles E. Smith, who is the government's largest single landlord in Washington. Smith, who rents more than a dozen office buildings to the federal government, has a custom of allowing well-placed friends to invest in his projects, a low-risk venture with predictable profits that might not otherwise be available to them without invitation from an insider.

In 1963, his first year in the Senate, Ribicoff bought a 2.88 percent investment in Wilson Associates, a partnership that was constructing an office building across the Potomac River in Arlington, Virginia. Ribicoff's name, however, did not appear on the partnership records. Instead his ownership share was listed in the name of his former Connecticut law partner, David Kotkin, as "trustee." About a year and a half later, the completed building was leased to the General Services Administration, despite a provision in the signed contract that said, "No Member of or Delegate to Congress . . . shall be admitted to any share or part of this lease or to any benefit to arise therefrom."

That clause was in the contract because the US criminal code flatly forbids a senator or congressman to own a share of such a federal lease. But for three more years, Ribicoff remained a partner in the federal building. Meanwhile Smith's Wilson Associates failed to follow the GSA regulations requiring that all of the

---

James Polk, an investigative reporter, formerly with *The Washington Star* and now with NBC, last year won the Pulitzer prize for investigative journalism.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

partners be listed on official records. Ribicoff sold out his share (according to him, he made no profit after taxes were paid) when he, by his account, suddenly discovered in 1968 that this was a federal building. The 12-story office tower, known as the Key Building in the Rosslyn complex along the Potomac, is a top security area occupied by the Central Intelligence Agency. On the black-and-white building directory the alphabetical roster of occupants is blank from A to Z except for a single listing of an East European coffee shop in the basement.

Ribicoff made public his financial involvements in a voluntary move during his reelection campaign last fall. Among them was a long list of investments in Charles E. Smith projects—apartment complexes, private office buildings, other nongovernment holdings. There was no mention of the CIA building, and when Ribicoff drew fire for his friendship with the GSA landlord, his campaign aides denied he had ever been involved in a federal contract. His conflict did not emerge until a perservering free-lance reporter, David Rothman, combed through GSA records and traced the trustee link to Ribicoff after the election.

At the time of the CIA lease Ribicoff was a member of the Senate Government Operations Committee. Ribicoff, in his defense, said GSA leases are reviewed by another Senate committee, not his. But his committee does have oversight for the agency itself, the GSA. Ribicoff is now the chairman of this committee. It should be incumbent upon him to keep an arms-length distance from Smith as a major government landlord. The participation in the federal contract was only the first favor accepted by Ribicoff from his old friend and, even though it led to a violation of criminal law, the Connecticut senator has seen no reason to abandon the chance to share with Smith in other private building investments, regardless of the appearance that this relationship leaves. A financial disclosure law, had it been on the books in the past decade, might have prompted a senator to be more careful in his outside dealings. If one accepts Ribicoff's account of inadvertent involvement in a federal contract, public scrutiny might have called the error of his ways to his attention sooner. At the least, such a law would recognize the right of voters to be aware of such dealings and to pass judgment on them, along with everything else in a public official's record.

On the House side there is a case—not, however, illegal—involving Rep. Robert L. F. Sikes (D, Fla.), who has represented the piney country of his state's panhandle since before World War II. Sikes's seniority as head of the House Appropriations subcommittee on military construction has been a bonanza for the area's economy, with Pentagon money pouring in for a sprawling air force base near his hometown as well as for the naval base at Pensacola. Sikes has done well for himself, too.

The white sand beaches curving along the Gulf of Mexico coast of the panhandle are among the most beautiful in the country—wind-heaped dunes, dolphins teasing the blue sea, a sky unspoiled except for the tropical thunder clouds before dusk. In World War II, the military owned a long stretch of beaches near the air base. The Pentagon later deeded the land back to the county, and a government agency was set up to grant 99-year leases for private homes and development. Two restrictions were written into the deed: the land could be used only for recreational purposes, and if a military emergency arose, the army could reclaim the beachfront. With those legal conditions, two federal agencies were reluctant to underwrite loans for private development of the former government land. In the early 1960s, Sikes pushed a bill through Congress to remove the restrictions. At the House hearing, Sikes, who was the only witness testifying, failed to mention that he was a founder, officer and stockholder of two corporations holding long-term leases on the former federal land affected by his bill.

More than a decade later, the Holiday Isle resort housing development created on a stretch of sand carved out by an old hurricane across an inlet from Destin, Florida, scarcely rivals the spun-sugar fantasies along the state's other coast. But the local land firm that held the lease on that land, C.B.S. Development Corp., has reported more than two million dollars in sales on its onetime federal property. When Sikes steered his bill through Congress, he was a vice president with one-fourth of the stock in C.B.S. Development. His capital gains on the land exceed $100,000.

The other concealed investment raises more questions. Shortly before Sikes introduced the bill to remove the restrictions on development, he used his congressional stationery to write to the state capital in forming a new corporation, Gulf Tracts, Inc. A month later the local government agency gave a 99-year lease to Gulf Tracts on a choice piece of the former federal land—a gulf-front parcel along the main highway near downtown Fort Walton Beach, Florida. Then Sikes, a founder and vice president of Gulf Tracts, introduced his bill in Congress. After the bill had passed the House and shortly before it became law, Sikes sold his stock in Gulf Tracts at a small profit. The land eventually became the site of what is now described as the largest Ramada Inn in the world.

Sikes has said, "What I did was entirely proper, and I stand on the record as it is." Even if Sikes had announced his two corporate ownership interests in the former Pentagon property at the perfunctory House hearing, it is doubtful whether that information would have changed the course of Congress. But the people of the Florida panhandle should have been entitled to know of the private advantages for Sikes as they went through the ritual of returning him to the House every second November. Perhaps, this issue would not have been sufficient to unseat Sikes then or

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

now.

Sikes, now 69, could encounter opposition next time, not because of his old land dealings, but because of a pattern of profitable opportunism. The House does have a requirement for its members to list each year their large stock holdings in any company doing business with the federal government. (The rule also covers outside fees, capital gains and speaking payments, although the amounts are not made public.) Fifteen years ago, Sikes bought into Fairchild Industries, which is a major aerospace contractor. Not until this year did Sikes mention that stock on his House Ethics filing. When questions cropped up in newspapers, Sikes announced he had shed his investment.

A public report does not always assure public attention—and this is why a requirement for full financial disclosure would only be a starting point, however justified, toward stricter standards of propriety in Congress. On his filing this year Sikes cited his connection with the First Navy Bank at Pensacola. Two Washington newsmen read that filing without seeing any significance in it. But a roving state columnist for the *St. Petersburg Times* happened to stumble across the First Navy Bank in a casual visit to the Pensacola base. His curiosity led him into state banking records at Tallahassee where he found "Dear Bob" letters sent by the Florida comptroller. The bank, which is the depository for the huge Pensacola naval air payroll, was the first private, independent bank ever permitted on the grounds of a US navy base. Sikes was a major stockholder, along with 11 high-ranking navy officers, including the commander of the Pacific Fleet and the deputy chief of naval operations for air warfare. One reporter's accidental curiosity, not a Washington filing, prompted the Pentagon probe now promised.

Despite the limitations on what financial disclosure might accomplish, it ought to be mandated.

For two decades Sen. Clifford P. Case (R, NJ) has been tilting at the windmills of congressional privilege with a measure that would make public what has been a cherished privacy for office-holders. His bill is pending again this year. If it were passed, senators and representatives, along with judges and any federal official receiving a significant salary, would be required to open up almost everything except their personal income tax returns. All outside earnings and investments would have to be listed for public examination. Stock holdings and property ownership would be itemized. (The Senate lacks even the minimal public requirements now in effect in the House.) Any gift exceeding $100 in value would be covered also.

The practice of taking free favors is far more prevalent, if not as troublesome, in Congress than the hidden profiteering from public position of a few members. Free rides on corporation jets bound for convenient destinations, have become a heady addiction. One aerospace company has kept a private hunting lodge for lawmakers on Maryland's eastern shore. A defeated senator had half of his apartment rent paid by another firm. An auto maker provided two leased sports cars to the sons of a Midwest senator a few years ago after he helped steer through a tax refund for the troubled company. Vacation trips have become a flattering free tribute.

This past winter Sens. Bayh and Gravel were guests of the same ski resort in Vermont. The company, which owned Mount Snow, was in federal difficulty then and is now in bankruptcy. Each senator paid nothing for his visit. Bayh spent the New Year's holiday at the mountain playground. His bill, written off on the company books, was shown as $1239. His teenage son accompanied him on the free trip. Gravel took along his family and some of his Capitol Hill staff later in January. The bill for the Gravel group, also carried without charge on the resort ledgers, was $1148.

Mount Snow, rising out of a green valley in southern Vermont, is a gathering ground for the singles set from Manhattan bars on winter weekends. The ski resort firm has faced serious federal problems. Mount Snow is a subsidiary of a hybrid Japanese-American corporation, Okuraya Davos International. The firm was also engaged in land sales at a site known as Heritage Hills, south of Boston, until the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) stepped in last year to stop sales because basic information on unbuilt roads had been withheld from potential buyers. Late last year, the Securities and Exchange Commission halted trading in the company's stock because the firm had failed to file a public financial statement for nearly a year—despite announced expectations of severe losses. At the end of March, the resort conglomerate filed for reorganization in federal bankruptcy court in New York. Two investigations are still pending.

Both Bayh and Gravel said they were personal friends of the young former hotel manager running the resort firm and said he had been entertained as a guest in their own Washington homes. Bayh said, "It's a personal kind of thing. He's never asked me to do anything at all, so I don't know how I could ever have returned a favor for being able to ski at Mount Snow." In Bayh's situation, the acceptance of a free skiing trip may not have been clearly improper, but it was at least imprudent, particularly for a person with presidential ambitions.

Gravel did have a chance to return the favor.

The resort company's plans to rescue its failing finances include the sale of condominiums and other vacation housing at Mount Snow. That construction expansion has been blocked by local and federal problems. An affidavit filed with the bankruptcy papers said, "It is believed that one of the major obstacles to this program, the restriction on building by reason of the lack of sewage hookups, will be reduced in the near future with the anticipated completion of a municipal sewer system in the summer of 1975." The internal

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

books of the firm have projected as much as $2 million in resort housing sales within sight of the ski slopes in the first year. The federal government, through the Environmental Protection Agency, has earmarked more than $3 million to help the local municipal unit, the North Branch Fire District No. 1 at West Dover, Vt., to build a sewer system. The needed sewer lines run north from the village to end at Mount Snow.

Two years ago, shortly after the local application for federal aid was filed with the EPA, Gravel's campaign treasurer, Charles Hamel, placed a telephone call to the EPA's regional headquarters in Boston. The application had not yet been approved up the line, and Hamel voiced a concern about a delay in starting construction. The EPA records of that phone call quote Hamel as saying: "A friend of the senator is an owner of the Mt. Snow ski area which will be served by this project."

Hamel is a Washington consultant in the shipping business, but he also was employed by the resort firm and was a free skiing guest for the same New Year's week that Bayh was being entertained. Hamel said he made the call because the resort owners asked him what was holding up the project, and he replied after his call that it was only a technical snag. But three months later, this time at Gravel's acknowledged personal request, a staff member on the Senate water resources subcommittee, which he heads, also telephoned the EPA in Boston to ask about the status of the grant. Gravel confirmed the call was made as a courtesy. The Alaska senator said it was the normal task he would perform for any citizen who felt he was being "denied information from the government. In this particular case, it was an informational inquiry and I thought it was proper," he said.

The phone calls carried no particular weight with the EPA—indeed, a Gravel associate said if the senator had wanted to bring pressure on the agency, the traditional way would have been to ask a couple of EPA officials into his office for a man-to-man chat of which there would have been no written record. The EPA was not awakened to quick action. It was a half-year later when the agency finally approved the sewer application through routine channels with no hint of outside influence. But Gravel's intervention, whatever the result of it, does raise the question of whether his special relationship as a frequent skiing guest of the resort firm for the past four years should be a part of the public record.

The Caribbean is a more common destination for senators. An aerospace contractor, Rockwell International, flew Sen. Herman E. Talmadge (D, Ga.), to the Bahamas island of Bimini for a private getaway trip two winters ago. Talmadge said afterwards that he was a longtime friend of a Rockwell official. "He asked me to go fishing, and I did," said Talmadge.

Cannon got a free ride on a Northrop Corp. jet to the Bahamas that same winter. His wife and son went along. Cannon said he didn't seek out the favor. He said he was going fishing—on a private island in the outer reaches of the Bahamas—and the private jet happened to be going his way. Cannon is chairman of a Senate Armed Services subcommittee that recently approved a major air force purchase of Northrop fighter jets. There is no evidence that Cannon treated Northrop with special favor. But the circumstances are such that, had Cannon been a federal judge rather than a senator, he would have been required by the dictates of ethics to rescue himself from taking a role in the appropriations decision.

Talmadge, as well as Cannon, is a member of the Senate ethics committee. Cannon's reply to whether he would have flown to the Bahamas in a private corporate jet cuts to the essence of what a financial disclosure law might achieve: if he did not want his constituents to know about it, Cannon said, he would not take a free ride.

Cannon is a curious champion for reform in Congress. His committee duties, beyond the Senate Rules and ethics panels, make him a favorite of the airline and aerospace industries. Yet, because he is a bridge between reality and reform on Capitol Hill, Cannon, more than any other member, is likely to be the man to drag Congress out of the dark ages.

The Nevada Democrat said he planned to reintroduce his financial disclosure bill, similar to what Sen. Case has been seeking since the '50s, now that Congress has come back from vacation. He may set hearing dates. Although such legislation has been bottled up in the House within the same Judiciary Committee that discovered a constitutional conscience when confronted with Richard Nixon's arrogant claim to be the sole arbiter of his own ethics, Senate passage could require the House to choose whether its ethics should be a public—or private—matter.

Congress might be moved solely by public embarrassment. The House rate of convictions on hidden political payoffs the past few years may run well above the average expected of any other social group in America. Former Brooklyn Rep. Bertram L. Podell pleaded guilty to conspiracy and conflict of interest involving payments from an air taxi outfit seeking a mail route from Florida to the Bahamas. Another Brooklyn congressman, Frank J. Brasco, was convicted of interceding for a reputed Mafia leader in the renewal of trucking contracts with the Post Office. Former Rep. Irving Whalley (R, Pa.), pleaded guilty to extracting kickbacks from his congressional employees. Former Rep. John Dowdy (D, Tex.), was convicted of perjury after a trial that centered on an alleged $25,000 cash payoff delivered at the Atlanta airport.

Each of these four cases involved payments that the Justice Department said were made while the congressmen were serving on Capitol Hill. This limited listing does not include two other convictions of congressmen in income tax prosecutions, or a campaign financing rap

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

against an Idaho representative, or the celebrated scandal of the influence dealers in the office of former Speaker John McCormack of Massachusetts. These four cases alone should be enough to start cleaning up the House.

In the other wing, former Sen. Daniel B. Brewster (D, Md.), has acknowledged taking campaign money in connection with postal rate legislation. Although former Sen. Edward J. Gurney (R, Fla.), was acquitted on most counts, a federal jury was split on the key question of whether he conspired to get political payoffs from home builders—a charge to which his former administrative assistant on Capitol Hill pleaded guilty during the trial. Another administrative assistant to Sen. Hiram L. Fong (R, Hawaii), was convicted of conspiracy to take money to fix a federal investigation; during his trial, the aide testified he put the cash contributions that came in during Fong's campaign into a locked box in the safe in Fong's Senate suite. Court records show that sizeable cash funds were found in campaign checking accounts or safe deposit boxes of two other senators—both forceful leaders, one Republican, one Democrat—after their deaths in the past decade.

There are a number of fatuous objections to forcing full and open financial disclosure for congressmen. The most frequent of these asserts the claim that congressmen should not be treated as second-class citizens, held to a higher standard of openness on personal finances than the average man, never mind that an office holder has more responsibility and is supposed to be answerable to the public. Another argument is that those who might cheat and steal would lie, hence any financial disclosure law would be just another rule to be broken. But it would provide a penalty to be enforced when detected.

There remains a more serious and unresolved question. The code of ethics for lawyers frowns not only upon actual impropriety, but also upon the appearance of impropriety. By all that is dear under the law, that is an outrageously unfair standard. It embodies the concept of guilt by association, guilt by unfortunate appearances. Predictably, a financial disclosure requirement for congressmen and federal officials would leave them vulnerable to public judgment based on the appearance of impropriety, whether justified by underlying facts or not.

A congressman, a senator, does hold a public trust and, in the end, should be answerable to a public, with access to all the knowledge necessary to weigh the man. If he is asked to be Caesar's wife, not only beyond reproach but also beyond rumor, it is merely a special price attached to a special responsibility.

Until now, Congress has exhibited a willingness to wait rather than weigh its faults. The issues of openness may well go away this time. But as long as the first step is not taken, the question is likely to keep coming back.

Waiting for Franco to Die

The Spanish Succession

by Tad Szulc

Madrid

An air of political unreality hovers over Spain this summer. It's as if the unfolding events—most of them related to what happens following the long rule of Generalissimo Francisco Franco—are mirages created by shimmering heat waves over this arid peninsula. Consider:

About 25 military officers have been detained on vague charges of conspiring to engage in sedition, an unprecedented occurrence in Franco's highly disciplined armed forces. Anti-regime terrorists are killing policemen at a quickening rate (a lieutenant was murdered by urban guerrillas the day I arrived in Madrid and a *Guardia Civil* trooper was wounded in Valencia two days later) while other terrorists are rounded up by security forces. There are hundreds of political prisoners. Opposition politicians at home and abroad hold illegal meetings to plot this nation's future. Others maneuver discreetly in public. A miniwar is being fought in the sands of Spanish Sahara against Moroccan incursions, a complex problem for Spain's relations with the Arab countries. Workers continually strike throughout Spain, and the government is losing control of the labor movement. Rich Spaniards secretly pay high premiums to convert their *pesetas* into foreign currencies for deposit in Zurich or New York. A leftist revolution picks up momentum in neighboring

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portugal—and it is reported in vivid detail in Spanish newspapers.

Meanwhile, at his cool estate near La Coruña on the northwest coast where he was born, Generalissimo Franco—now 83 and in his 37th year as chief of state—tranquilly pulls the strings of power, playing politician against politician and prince against general as he has always done. He spends two hours a day on the golf course, and sails the Cantabric Sea on his yacht. Prince Juan Carlos de Borbón, who is Franco's designated successor, enjoys the breezes of Majorca in the Mediterranean (except when he is summoned by Franco to La Coruña, and a military jet is placed at his disposal to obey the command). The foreign ministry and foreign ambassadors move like a royal court to the northern Victorian resort of San Sebástian for the summer months, oblivious to the fact that the province of Guipúzcoa, where it is located, lives under a siege of Basque terrorism. Other ministers sun themselves on the southern coast, delivering occasional speeches, but rush to La Coruña when Franco wants them. Madrid is empty except for tourists: urban Spaniards have fled as usual to the mountains and to the sea. Unless one comes across a phalanx of tough riot police, it is hard to believe that a serious political crisis is underway in Spain; the sense of unreality is inescapable. It is a *fantasia española* being played, perhaps for the last time, to this generation of Spaniards.

A Madrid newsweekly sums it all up neatly in an editorial: "More than ever in recent decades, this country now resembles a pasture of cows watching a train go by. The future is accelerating through high-level political battles or street shootouts, but the Spanish people remain a spectator . . . though paying with victims almost every day." A well-known politician, one of the few who have not escaped Madrid's August heat, told me at dinner on the manicured lawn of the Puerta de Hierro Country Club, the playground of Madrid's aristocracy, that "in the end, Franco will have his way, because, we, the opposition, are so insanely divided." A leader of the clandestine "Workers' Commissions," whom I had first met almost 10 years ago, confides his belief that it will be "bloody chaos" when Franco finally passes from the scene. At lunch at the famous Ritz Hotel (where prices have skyrocketed, while the quality of service has ceased to be among the best in Europe), a Spanish businesswoman says that "I just don't know where all this will end."

"All this," of course, is the future of the Spanish succession, an event that has been awaited for so long that somber Madrid jokes suggest that it will never happen, that Franco will be around forever. For at least 10 years, Spain has lived a national death watch, literally waiting for the *caudillo* to die or to turn his powers over to a successor so that Spain could move away from dictatorship and toward a Western European political system. With Franco (symbolizing wartime fascism) still in power, Spain remains a European political pariah notwithstanding its remarkable economic development. NATO still will have no part of Spain (as President Ford discovered in Brussels last May when he made his ill-advised and disastrous bid to have NATO accept the Spaniards in some way as partners in allied defense) nor will the European Economic Community (which still goes on invoking Francoist demonology to keep out cheaper Spanish farm products).

Last summer it appeared that Franco finally was on his way out. Suddenly taken ill, he named Juan Carlos to be acting chief of state. But this was another summer mirage. Recovering quickly, he reassumed full powers, to the consternation of the opposition—and possibly Juan Carlos too. In the intervening year, Franco has devoted himself to gently unhinging the opposition so that nothing and nobody could interfere with his plans to maintain Spain after his death as a one-party corporative dictatorship. To this end, he encouraged his new Premier, Carlos Arias Navarro (the replacement for Adm. Luis Carrero Blanco whom Basque terrorists blew up in 1973), to proceed with a policy of "liberalization" that called for the creation of "political associations"—the nearest thing to a controlled loyal opposition—that could present candidates for elections to the Cortes (parliament). The press was given more freedom, and it seemed to be the beginning of a rational political dialogue. But, as it turned out, what Franco had in mind was the defusing of the *real* opposition that was taking shape through the exiled *Junta Democrática* in Paris and the "Democratic Convergence Platform" at home. Both, of course, are illegal.

In any event, Franco blew the whistle on Arias earlier this year. A new law provided that at least 25,000 signatures in at least 15 (out of 50) Spanish provinces must be collected before a "political association" could be approved. Inasmuch as only Franco's National Movement (the only official party in Spain) has the necessary money and organization to get enough signatures, it quickly became obvious that "liberalization" was Franco's latest cruel political joke. The press was again curtailed. Arias was embarrassed, his information minister resigned in a huff, and Franco deliberately provoked a political crisis. Late in the spring, when the candidates of the illegal Workers' Commissions overwhelmingly won the elections for union shop stewards, Franco shifted even further to the right by bringing José Solís, a faithful Falangist hack, out of oblivion to make him minister in charge of the National Movement. Solís quickly organized a "political association" of his own—the Union of Spanish People (UPS)—to give the tattered National Movement bureaucracy a new look, and elections to the Cortes were opportunely postponed from November to next April so that the UPS could make a better showing.

By the time I reached Madrid early in August, the general assumption was that Premier Arias was on the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

skids. Officially inspired newspapers speculated that Solís would become the new premier to rule with the support of old-line Francoist army generals. Mounting terrorism—particularly the killings of police officers—had inspired an outcry from the traditional right wing groups to do away with any form of liberalization. The Portuguese ferment next door seemed to provide an additional reason for a general tightening up in Spain. The day Premier Arias flew to Helsinki to represent Spain at the European summit, security forces began arresting the first military officers suspected of seditious conspiracies. Although Arias is a former chief of the political police, the military arrests were apparently made without his knowledge. The man in charge of the operation was Lt.Gen. Angel Campano, an extreme rightist who serves as the Captain-General (Military Commander) of Madrid.

Then, suddenly, Franco decided to shift with the wind. The arrests of the military officers evidently created a major political problem for the Generalissimo—the question still remains how to handle it without provoking further dissension in the officer corps—and his instinct told him to change course. While the decision on how to proceed with the detained officers was left up in the air, Franco reasserted his faith in Arias at a cabinet meeting in La Coruña on Aug. 22, first going out of his way to invite him and his wife to a private dinner, a very special tribute. In this manner, Franco, true to form, succeeded again in balancing (or unbalancing) Spanish politics. Arias was kept as premier as a sop to the "liberalizers" and Solís was left as the counterfoil. Simultaneously the cabinet announced that stern new measures would be taken against urban guerrillas, including an automatic death penalty for those charged with terrorism. Two Basques charged with terrorism were so sentenced at once. This, presumably, made the right wing, including the rightist generals, reasonably happy.

But having solved his summer political crisis, Franco clearly left the broader Spanish political situation wholly unresolved. His latest political maneuver succeeded for now, but, inevitably, time is running out for the *caudillo*—and for Spain. The stark reality is that there is not really very much he can do about the future, except to keep maneuvering and playing for time as he has done ever since his Nationalists won the Civil War in 1939. Under the law, Juan Carlos, if confirmed by the Cortes, becomes chief of state and king in a fully restored monarchy on Franco's death or his voluntary permanent retirement. In theory, of course, the pliable Cortes will confirm the Prince and, most likely, the armed forces will stand behind him—at least for a time.

No politically conscious Spaniard thinks, however, that things will go so smoothly once Franco is gone. This much became clear in my conversations with civilian and military friends. Neither Juan Carlos nor Arias (if he remains premier) has anything resembling Franco's hold on Spanish politics. There is some doubt about the prince's ability to govern adequately in a tense situation when all the political forces, now biding their time, move into the open—or into a political vacuum that Franco's departure would produce overnight.

For one thing there is a strong clandestine labor movement that might not wish to give Juan Carlos a chance to govern unless he divests himself of the trappings of Francoism and commits himself to granting Spain a full measure of political freedom. There could be widespread strikes and street confrontations. That, in turn, could lead to a military takeover—on the assumption that the rightist generals retain their power in a new situation, which, however, is far from certain. The recent military arrests may loom much more ominous as a sign of change than the regime would have one believe.

The significant thing about these officers is that all of them are highly professional soldiers of captain and major rank. They are not young hotheads (as are their Portuguese counterparts), but specialized officers assigned to key posts. Several of them are intellectuals. The senior officer now under detention is Maj. Luís Otero Fernández, a 43-year-old army engineer and computer expert assigned to the technical planning division of the army general staff. Four of the other officers likewise have army general staff assignments and are graduates of the general staff school. Two officers in the group belong to elite paratroop regiments.

As far as is known their crime was membership in "study groups" concerned with the political future of Spain and the professional future of the armed forces. There is no proof that they were actually plotting an uprising. But the Spanish law bans political activity by the military, and the authorities chose to consider the "study groups" a political activity. This may have been a disastrous decision inasmuch as younger officers, particularly the highly educated ones, have been chafing for a long time under a system that allows senior generals and admirals to participate in Franco's brand of political life, being named to the Cortes and lucrative posts in state-owned enterprises, while line officers must remain totally apolitical. There is also considerable resentment over the fact that top commands go in the main to Franco's civil war comrades, most of them old men unfamiliar with modern military doctrines. The question of professionalism, then, is a major factor in military unrest.

It is impossible, moreover, to separate the officer corps from the rest of the Spanish society. As their civilian friends and relatives, they are subject to growing Spanish societal pressures. Many of them are under the influence of the increasingly progressive Roman Catholic Church in Spain, which preaches social justice along with political freedoms. Arrests of anti-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regime priests have been commonplace in Spain for years. It is unknown how many of these younger officers belong to the "study groups" that the regime regards as seditious. In Madrid, I have heard informed estimates that some 300 officers may be involved in such activities and that around 1000 are under investigation. Inasmuch as there are 40,000 officers in the Spanish armed forces, the numbers of potentially "seditious" officers would seem small. Furthermore I could find little to substantiate reports that these officers belong to a structured organization such as a "Union of Democratic Officers" which I saw mentioned in foreign press dispatches.

Still the Franco regime must have been highly disturbed by these "study groups" to take the unprecedented step of arresting so many officers of high reputation (early in August, as about 25 were under detention, but 14 or 15 were subsequently released) and announcing it publicly. I imagine that the choice was to leave the "study groups" alone—and thus encourage their growth—or to crack down and risk a deepening alienation among younger officers. It was a hard choice, but Franco made a disciplinarian's decision and it may well boomerang politically. Franco's next decision, just as hard, is whether to court-martial the officers and thus invite a deep division in the armed forces, or to apply minimal administrative punishment. The latter course could encourage more political activity. A Western diplomat told me that "the regime would be out of its bloody mind if it went for a general court-martial or a show trial, but I can't rule it out . . . Franco is a fanatic about discipline, and he doesn't understand the new military generation."

All of this, naturally, is relevant to how the Spanish armed forces would act in a succession crisis.

Since the military detentions (though not necessarily as a direct result of them) there has been increased activity by the political opposition, both legal and illegal. The *Junta Democrática*, which brings together the Communist party, and a Centrist group and a Socialist splinter, has begun to negotiate with the platform, mainly formed by the Socialist party, Christian Democratic groups, Catalonian Socialists, and Carlist royalists (who are against Juan Carlos and, stunningly, have a Marxist-Leninist wing). The purpose of the meetings, surprisingly reported in the Spanish press, is some form of unity, but most observers are skeptical about the chances of so many disparate factions uniting in the foreseeable future.

The latest apparition on the Spanish political scene is a center-right "study group" known as FEDISA whose leaders are Manuel Fraga Iribarne, former information minister and currently ambassador in London; former information minister Pio Cabanillas; the Count of Motrico, a monarchist who served as ambassador to Washington and Paris; and Francisco Fernández Ordoñez, former head of the National Industries Institute. On August 25, the group issued a manifesto calling for "a change from an authoritarian to a democratic system." But, two weeks earlier, Fraga (who apparently has ambitions to become premier) conferred with Franco in La Coruña.

It is anybody's guess how the Spanish succession will develop. Meanwhile, Franco must cope with the military problem, the Basque terrorism (the police arrested Basque ETA leaders who killed Premier Carrero Blanco, but it is unlikely that the ETA has been destroyed), the urban guerrillas of the FRAP (Revolutionary Anti-Fascist Popular Front) who operate countrywide, inflation, labor unrest, the Sahara war and a variety of other complications. When the universities reopen in October, the clashes between students and the police are certain to resume, adding to the tensions of this transition period.

All this brings us to the question of US wisdom in currently negotiating with a moribund regime a new agreement for air and naval bases in Spain. The present five-year pact expires on Sept. 25 (with a year's period of grace) and negotiations have been moving in a somewhat desultory fashion. My impression is that the Franco regime is anxious to sign the accord as soon as possible for domestic political reasons: an agreement with Washington is part of succession politics. The State Department tends to the view that it can get a better deal from Franco than from a future government whose political coloration is unpredictable. The opposing opinion is that the US would be ill-advised to nail itself to Franco's political coffin, but Secretary of State Kissinger (who pushed for the Brussels effort to get NATO to grant Spain some recognition and persuaded Ford to visit Franco in Madrid) seems to be keen on a quick signing.

Kissinger may be saved from his own policies by the fact that the Spaniards are trying to drive a hard bargain, one that Congress may block in the end. Madrid, for instance, has presented the US with a military shopping list worth $1.5 billion in grants and credit sales. Having finally recognized that Congress in its present mood would never agree to the formal mutual defense treaty that Madrid has been demanding, the Spaniards are now showing interest in a sense-of-the-Senate resolution recognizing their contribution to Western defense.

Although American negotiators have suggested such a possibility, the Senate may be less than anxious to go along with it. Moreover current congressional pressure for approving executive agreements (thus far exempt from such approval) may create problems with the Spanish military shopping list. As matters now stand, there is no chance that the agreement will be signed before November. And a lot can happen in Spain in the next three months—notwithstanding Franco's political virtuosity. Spaniards, for one thing, may stop acting like cows on the pasture, just watching the train go by.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arts and Lives

Stanley Kauffmann on films

Coonskin

(Bryanston)

Coonskin has met with protests from CORE and others who assert that it's racist. I'm not going to comment on the justice of the protests, I offer no sentences beginning "If I were black . . ." But if there are going to be protests, then they ought to be by everyone, because the *whole* human race, as exemplified in this country at this time, is what is being skewered by this scintillating, vicious, outrageous and outraged film.

Ralph Bakshi made it from his own script, mixing animation and live photography as he did in his last film *Heavy Traffic* (*TNR*, Sept. 22, '73). He may also have used the mixture in his first film *Fritz the Cat:* I don't know because its sheer vulgarity drove me out in 20 minutes. *Heavy Traffic* was certainly vulgar, too, but the vulgarity seemed generally in aid of something. *Coonskin*, on any abstract-of-vulgarity meter, may be the worst of the lot—for instance, the very first words are "Fuck you," and there are such scenes as one in which a character gets tugged along by his infinitely elastic phallus—but it's hard to think of this good film as having any other tone than the one it has. I'm glad that other people had more faith in Bakshi from the start than I had.

The first scene is cartoon—two blacks gibing at whites. Then there's a close profile shot (live) of Scat Man Crothers singing, excellently, an excellent song called "Walk On, You Nigger"—lyrics by Bakshi, music by Crothers—while the credits appear alongside his chin. Then the story starts, live. In the South two black men, a preacher played by Charles Gordone (who wrote *No Place to Be Somebody*) and a giant played by Barry White, pile into a car to crash a prison wall and rescue a young friend, Philip Thomas. We see the friend and an older man (Crothers) huddled against the prison wall, waiting. The car is late. While they wait Crothers tells Thomas a story, vaguely built on the Brer Rabbit tales of Joel Chandler Harris, about three present-day (cartoon) characters, Rabbit, Fox and Bear, who go up to Harlem. The three of them are black; their voices are those of Thomas, Gordone and White. They plunge into the crime and grime of Harlem. Rabbit becomes crime king and must kill a white police bully and the Mafia chief, the Godfather. (The producer of *Coonskin*, Albert S. Ruddy, also produced *The Godfather.*) After a series of adventures and interludes in Harlem, we return to the two waiting cons, down South. At last under gunfire they escape. Then there's a last quick shot of the preacher, as he was at the very beginning, with a child we saw then. All I can make of this last shot is that it means *both* stories—the one about the waiting convicts and the one Crothers tells while they are waiting—were being told by the preacher to the child.

This confusion doesn't much matter. The episodic story-line, which sags and pants, doesn't much matter. What does matter, greatly, is the way the picture is made and the material to which the story-line gives occasion.

The story of the three animal characters is done either in straight animation or a mixture of cartoon and photography. (Those three, by the way, are the only animals: all the others are human, though sharply satirized.) This cartoon-photo mix is not Bakshi's invention of course, and I had never been fond of it until he converted me to at least his use of it, in *Heavy Traffic*. In *Coonskin* he uses it even more subtly, and here it can be rationalized as the old con's fantasticated story, in cartoon, poised against the real world as he imagines it to be—shown sometimes in photography.

Bakshi only rarely uses real and animated characters in the same shot; usually, when he mixes, he puts animated characters against photographed backgrounds, that have been altered and/or juxtaposed to fine effect. When the three animals decide to go North, we cut to our first view of Harlem, live; a wintry street at night with a lone bareheaded black man playing a trumpet in the middle of it; a "squeezed" shot—that is, a very wide-screen shot shown through a regular lens so that we get a compressed and elongated El Greco touch. Bakshi uses this effect again behind animation from time to time. Another instance: the (cartoon) Godfather lives under the (photographed) Manhattan subway—a wonderful touch: I've always thought of the Times Square station as chief proof of the existence of the devil. But while the Mafia chiefs are playing out their scenes, the subway background slips into other photographed backgrounds, of blast furnaces with the flames roaring.

Many of the cartoon characters are drawn with wild wit, especially a hippo-like black religious leader and the Godfather (white, of course)—not a Brando caricature but a puffy incredibly ravaged old face with an obscenely dyed moustache. One usage is startling. Some of the young black women are drawn with faces like snouts—not just snout noses, the whole face from the hairline forward looks like the end of an elephant's trunk. But Bakshi, unsentimental, refuses to spare the people he likes: they, too, have to pass through the channel of his wit.

The flood of pictures—ingenious, bitter, funny, beautiful, lewd, touching—cascades across the screen. Although the script sags, the pictorial inventiveness never does. Oppression of blacks, black crime, black anger, black silliness, black resilience—all the elements of black life that are the center of the film—are not editorial matters to Bakshi, they are artistic matters. He is

(continued on page 35)

Films Worth Seeing

Love and Death. Napoleon in Russia meets defeat and Woody Allen. The latter's best film so far, less forced and frantic than before. More fun-fulfilled.

Nashville. The country-music scene as America in not-so-little. Smooth and clever enough, less deep than it wants us to think it.

Smile. It's redundant to satirize beauty contests. But the cast and Michael Ritchie's direction are good.

W. W. and the Dixie Dancekings. Southern bandit sponsors country-music group. Fluff with flavor, mostly from Burt Reynolds.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Doctor in the House

Where Are The Repertory Critics?

There has been so much concern in recent years over the languishing health of the American theater that it may have escaped notice how the diagnosticians are ailing too—and may even be helping to infect the patient. I refer, of course, to the drama critics, reviewers and commentators, that breed of hardworking, longsuffering journalists who have been charged with the task of looking upon the incredible disarray of our theater and saying something coherent about it. What is the condition of present-day American drama criticism? Is this profession acting as an aid or an obstacle to the development of a viable American theater? What should be the function of the play reviewer—whether he writes daily, weekly, monthly or irregularly—in relation to the dramatic works he scrutinizes?

My own views on these questions have been influenced by the fact that I work in a dual capacity in the theater, both as critic and as artistic director of a company, so you are perfectly free to discount what I say as either the prejudice of a critical practitioner or the defensiveness of a theater professional who is subject to criticism himself. But I hope I have been able to muster enough detachment about the critical process, through my association with it on both sides of the footlights, to support my contention that theater criticism in this country is in a deplorable state, partly because it has failed to keep pace with the institutional and esthetic changes that have been occurring on the American stage.

I had some insight into the roots of this problem during last year's FACT Conference on the American theater at Princeton where, during a panel on criticism on which I served, it was immediately clear that no meaningful discussion of the subject was possible given the differing interests of the groups involved. The representatives of the commercial theater persisted in their belief that the function of criticism was to provide as much space as possible in the print and broadcast media for helping to sell their shows. The representatives of the resident theaters, though also grateful for good reviews and decent coverage, seemed equally interested in the reflective and analytical aspect of the critical process.

In other words play reviewing was being evaluated on the one hand by those who looked upon it as a medium of publicity exclusively and, on the other by those who considered it primarily a medium of thought, and while both sides had reason to complain about the current situation, it struck me that most drama criticism at the present time was designed to satisfy only the first group. It is not hard to understand why. The reduction in the number of New York newspapers has decimated the ranks of theater reviewers, with the result that success or failure on the New York stage now rests, for all intents and purposes, with a handful of men, if it is not entirely in the lap of the daily reviewer for *The New York Times*. Burdened with responsibility for nothing less than the survival of the commercial theater, such men are under increasing pressure to work up interest in Broadway shows, so it is no wonder that some of them have begun to write like press agents, using a vocabulary more appropriate to advertising than to criticism. The superlatives one always finds quoted in theater ads—"Miss this performance at your peril!" . . . "I've never seen a funnier show!" . . . "Best Musical of the Season!"—have become more frequent and hyperbolic over recent years because reviewers are now painfully aware that every time they tap their typewriters, they are also ringing the bells of the theater's cash registers. (And not only the cash registers. . . . Even foundation grants and subscription lists can be affected by New York reviews, which is why nonprofit theaters, though less dependent on the box office than Broadway, will also cite these notices in their brochures—usually quoting the accolade most of them share as "One of the best resident theaters in the country!").

I suppose this kind of development is inevitable in a system where audiences lack the theatergoing instinct, not to mention confidence in their own taste, and therefore have to be stimulated by a reviewer's prose before they will buy a ticket. The trouble is that much of this critical enthusiasm is so obviously trumped-up that it runs the risk of achieving the opposite effect for which it was intended. Promiscuous praise not only corrupts the language, it eventually shakes the trust of the reader in the writer's credibility, since inflated criticism is like an inflated economy—it can quickly debase the currency. Proclaiming the arrival of false masterpieces too often in a season is almost as pernicious as ignoring those rare works that have some genuine merit: it creates a condition, as Lionel Trilling has put it, where "a lie is established in society"—and our society is already groaning under its burden of mendacity. Finally it deludes the public into believing that a reviewer's opinion about a play or a production is of profound significance, that judgments of value are the most important element of the critic's craft.

As a matter of fact, even the opinions of the most discerning critics are the least enduring part of their writing, and that is why some fine reviews (say Bernard Shaw's notice of *The Importance of Being Earnest*) have survived when the critic has utterly misjudged the worth of the play. Speaking as one who is hardly shy about expressing opinions, I have never been able to frame an adequate reply to those who ask why my views should be taken any more seriously than theirs, primarily because I'm always conscious of how much time and circumstance can alter judgment, regardless of one's knowledge of a field. Seeing Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* as a young man, for example, I was certain it was a masterpiece; returning to it 20 years later, I could hardly remain awake until the final frame. And lest you think my opinions are affected only by the passage of years, I should confess that I had diametrically opposite impressions of Mel Brooks's *Young Frankenstein* within weeks of seeing it first with older friends and then with my 11-year-old son. Chastened by these experiences, I have come to believe that the least valuable criticism is that composed of naked assertions of taste (the kind Danny Kaye parodied when, after being asked how he liked the Himalayas, he replied "Loved him! Hated her!"). And that is why critics with an ambition to be remembered have poured so much energy into analysis and commentary in the hope that their perceptions might somehow outlive their opinions.

Still, the opinions of a critic informed with taste and learning are likely to be more accurate, in the long run, than those of a journalist recruited for theater reviewing because he can write fast—which makes it remarkable that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

those who report on theater for TV and the newspapers should have gained so much influence over the fate of the New York stage. It is even more remarkable, considering how few of the theater reviewers associated with the media possess the kind of authority in the field that would explain their power—the authority, say, of Hilton Kramer in art or Pauline Kael in film or Andrew Porter in music, to name only those working in mass circulation newspapers and magazines. Clearly in the case of the theater, the power to make or break a play resides not in the individual but in the position: it is conferred by the institution for which he works. If you doubt this consider how quickly Walter Kerr's influence as daily reviewer for the *Times* passed to Clive Barnes when Kerr left that position to write for the Sunday Arts and Leisure section; consider also how much less impact Kerr has had on the economics of the theater as a weekly reviewer, even though his reviews have remained substantially the same in quality and concern. Under such circumstances, it is understandable why people often ask, before they decide to go to a play, not so much what Barnes thought but "What did the *Times* have to say?"

That the *Times*, as an institution, should have anything to say in judgment of a theatrical work strikes me as incompatible with its claim to be an organ of the news, which is to say, an impartial journal of facts. For it is within this journalistic imperative that the *Times* has always insisted on reviewing all plays the morning after opening, on the premise that an opening night is a news event, to be covered as quickly as a labor strike or a plane crash. Still where the news of the day is generally reported in a relatively factual manner, with judgments reserved for the editorial page, the news of the theater is replete with instant opinions and subjective impressions, the reviewers offering their personal views to the reader as if they were established facts. (This tendency to confuse surmises with certainties is exacerbated by the format of the newspaper which gives each review a headline containing not a straightforward description of the event but rather the reviewer's judgment of value.) I am not suggesting that the news media should refrain from covering the theater—but to be consistent with their claims, TV and newspapers would have to treat each opening night *literally* as a news event, telling us who was responsible for the show, who was in the audience, what accidents occurred outside the theater and anything else that could be objectively reported. Thus the headline of a review (say, *Albee's New Play Lights Up Broadway)* would be adapted to something a little less arguable as an idea (say, *Mrs. Beame Attends New Albee Play in Halston Kaftan*), and the reputation for objectivity cherished by the news media could be better preserved.

I have no illusion that this proposal will be taken seriously—I'm not even very serious about it myself. I bring it up mainly in order to illustrate my conviction that the newspaper and TV reviewers derive their power, and derive it mostly illegitimately, from the news context in which they function. Obviously opinions will continue to dominate these reviews because readers have been conditioned to look for them; and there is no doubt that the reviewer's likes and dislikes constitute the most lively, if most forgettable, aspect of his notice. On the other hand I am convinced that something will have to be done to demythologize the writers who now arbitrate the hits and flops of the New York stage, and this will not be accomplished until theatergoers are somehow persuaded that many valid opinions can obtain about a theatrical work, including the ones they hold themselves. Perhaps the solution for a paper like the *Times* is to publish two simultaneous reviews of each production side by side, for then, even if both reviewers agreed, there would no longer be the sense that a journal held a single house position about a play.

None of these suggestions would be necessary had not theater reviewing fallen almost entirely to the news media by default. But it is a melancholy fact that the kind of reflective criticism formerly practiced in the weekly, monthly and quarterly journals has virtually disappeared. Where theater used to attract thinkers of the quality of Stark Young, Eric Bentley, Francis Fergusson, Kenneth Tynan, Richard Gilman, Wilfrid Sheed, Richard Hayes, Albert Bermel, Stanley Kauffmann, Harold Clurman, Elizabeth Hardwick, Susan Sontag, Mary McCarthy and the like, only a very small number of these is still reviewing plays and then only irregularly, while such magazines as *The New York Review, Partisan Review, The New Republic, Harper's* and *The New Leader* have either abandoned their theater coverage or drastically reduced its space. (*The Village Voice*, furthermore, which used to devote almost half the paper to theater reviews, has now cut back to a few columns, while *New York* magazine has just moved its theater critic, John Simon, to the film section, and not yet named a successor.) It could be argued that a decline of this sort merely reflects a decline in the quality of the stage—except that it has been occurring at precisely the moment when a group of theaters has emerged in this country which at last might be considered worthy of serious intellectual scrutiny.

In fact, it was partly in response to the appeal of these alternative critics that the alternative theaters came into being, in order to feed an appetite for theatrical art that was not being satisfied by Broadway. Such institutional resident theaters as the Mark Taper, the Chelsea Theatre Center, the Guthrie, the Folger, the New York Public Theatre, the Open Theatre, the American Place Theatre, the Long Wharf, the Trinity Square Playhouse, the Yale Repertory Theatre, Cafe La Mama, the Manhattan Project and many others were developed, to one degree or another, in reply to the critical demand for more attention to process, for decentralization, for experiment and risk, for continuity of purpose, for ensemble work, for adventurous programming, for poetic and thoughtful approaches—the demand, in short, that the American theater begin to display the kind of artistic ambitions that were currently being found in the American novel, painting, music, dance and poetry. Granted many of these ambitions were not immediately realized, but that was hardly surprising considering how long the stage had been dominated by commercial concepts. The very idea of a national art theater movement in America was so unusual that it took time to seep down into the minds of audiences and practitioners alike.

And now that this idea has just begun to take root in the cultural imagination, the intelligent eye that might have evaluated its results has decided to close. For the alternative critics, long the most vocal opponents of Broadway's tawdry glamour and cheap commercialism, have abandoned the theater at its crucial moment—and not because the theater has ceased to be interesting but, one suspects, because it has ceased to be chic. What other explanation accounts for the singular indifference so many of these writers have shown toward the young experimental American playwrights, the innovative directors, the actors with the capacity to transform themselves from role to role instead of repeating old tricks, the designers who have made

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such imaginative departures from the box set, indeed, the very companies which annually risk their existence with unusual presentations? It was easy enough to attack the pretensions of Broadway's "serious" drama, its fake masterpieces and manufactured hits, but where was the curiosity that might have propelled these people, once Broadway stopped providing targets for their scorn, into boroughs outside of Manhattan and cities beyond New York? Where was the questing spirit, the lust for art, the impulse to discover achievement wherever it arose, that presumably attracted them to theater criticism in the first place?

Well, it seems to have evaporated. With a few honorable exceptions most of the alternative critics have preferred to stay home. To speak from personal experience is to mention all those unanswered letters and unreturned phone calls, all those broken promises and cancelled appointments, all those requests for limousines to and from New Haven, after invitations had been issued to people I respected to come see some special production I thought might excite their interest. One of those who never paid us a visit in all nine years of our existence was the critic for an intellectual monthly, a bright former playwright, who, during a recent symposium in his magazine, volunteered the opinion that "so far as drama is concerned, public support of culture has put up about 25 terrible repertory companies throughout the country. But what else?" Since this critic had never, on the evidence of his reviews, ventured to a theater more than a hundred blocks distance from Elaine's restaurant in New York, I wrote to him immediately, saying that I was preparing this article and asking him the following questions: "1) How many of these companies have you visited? 2) How many productions by these companies have you seen? 3) How many of these productions have you reviewed?" I was not surprised to receive no reply.

Well, this critic is entitled to whatever opinion he wants to express, just as he is free to say that the 25 companies in the country (actually there are 55) are "terrible." But whatever the basis for such views, criticism of this kind is worthless to the resident theater movement—as worthless as the criticism which lavishes on these theaters unstinting praise.

And worse than worthless, it is deeply disappointing. I speak as an obvious partisan, with a stake in training and production for non-profit theaters, when I say that it was the hope of the repertory movement that it would begin to attract repertory critics—which is to say, writers with the capacity to judge not just individual productions but the design and purpose of the whole. Such critics would have journeyed anywhere, as only Clive Barnes and his *Times* associate Mel Gussow seem able to do at present, in their search for meaningful theatrical experiences—eager to observe and analyze the progress of theater artists from production to production under the auspices of organic company work. Critics of this kind might have functioned as the conscience of the American theater as an institution, identifying what the purpose of a company was and when it departed from that purpose, when it compromised its identity and for what reasons. Such critics would have been discriminating, even harsh, but they would have known that the language of hyperbolic praise and vitriolic dispraise was the equipment of the commercial critic for establishing hits and flops (and stars and scapegoats), not for describing purposeful works of art or the progress of artists. They would have known that beyond their value judgments was the need for interpretation, imaginative description, comparative analysis and keeping an accurate record of what they had seen.

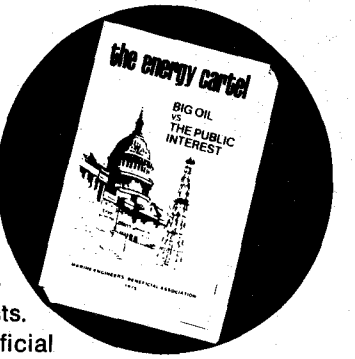
Alas such critics never materialized, and partly as a result, many good theaters have begun to lose their way. Does anyone doubt whether Joe Papp would have abandoned his determination to produce new plays at Lincoln Center in the face of a hostile audience and hostile press if—regardless of the quality of individual productions—just one authoritative critic had understood and supported his general policy? The pressures on the nonprofit theaters to conform to audience tastes are simply enormous, and at the moment, the critical fraternity is largely following this taste rather than trying to lead it. If you want to know why so many committed theater people seem so despondent at the present moment, just take a moment to examine the reviews. The advances of the American stage are being written on water, and nobody is keeping an intelligent record of what has been achieved.

Robert Brustein

An Important Study of the Energy Crisis

the energy cartel

BIG OIL vs. THE PUBLIC INTEREST



A fact-filled, readable analysis of the economics and power of the oil cartel. Written by Stanley H. Ruttenberg, prominent Washington economist and former Assistant Secretary of Labor, and his associate economists. Published by the Marine Engineers Beneficial Association. *"Ruttenberg sets forth the facts about our national interest in oil and other energy forms, and he offers a number of thoughtful recommendations . . ."*—Senator Henry Jackson, Washington

Covers *every* aspect of 'big oil' . . .

• Control of the pipelines • Influence on government • Relations with the Middle East governments • Price policies • Using tax advantages • Ownership of competing energy sources • Hidden profits in foreign flag tankers

"Essential to an understanding of our energy problems."
—Rep. Philip Burton, Calif.

Send for your copy of "The Energy Cartel . . . Big Oil vs. The Public Interest." $6.00 per copy, postage prepaid. Use this convenient coupon.

Ruttenberg & Associates R xxxx
1211 Connecticut Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C., 20036

Enclosed find check or money order for $_____, to cover_____copy(ies) of The Energy Cartel. $6.00 per copy.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books Considered

From the Diaries of Felix Frankfurter by Joseph P. Lash

(W.W. Norton; $12.50)

My only complaints are that Joe Lash's introductory biographical essay on Felix Frankfurter ended much too soon and that the Justice's diaries cover so limited a period of his life. But before I urge everybody to rush out and buy Lash's book and in light of the current vogue of writers to record conflicts of interest, let me confess that I would likely be an overstuffed corporate lawyer in Cincinnati muttering about the busing of school children, the "quota" hiring of blacks and women, and all that damn government regulation of business if a teacher affectionately known as FF hadn't adopted me as one of his Happy Hot Dogs back in the '30s.

Strangely enough, as Lash notes, there is still no full-length biography of Justice Frankfurter more than a decade after his death. This is not for want of interest in the subject by the Justice, for long before his death he was at work on his biography with Max Freedman of the *Manchester Guardian*, dictating his ideas and memories by the hours. Indeed Freedman announced upon the Justice's death that the biography was two-thirds completed and would soon be published. But Freedman's health collapsed shortly thereafter and Lash writes that neither he nor the notes he made of his talks with the Justice can be located. Ironically Freedman's disappearance from the scene implemented Frankfurter's oft-expressed dictum that no one should choose his own biographer; he was severely critical of Chief Justice Hughes for "dictating ad nauseam" to his chosen biographer. At any rate until a full-length biography does come along, Joe Lash's essay is available as a sensitive and appreciative, albeit critical, portrait of the man who for more than half a century had the talent, in the words of Henry L. Stimson, "for keeping in touch with the center of things."

Lash appears to be more sympathetic to Frankfurter the Professor (1914-1929), than to Felix Frankfurter the Judge (1939-1962). Not only do Frankfurter's love for the Harvard Law School and for the teaching of law "as vital agency for human betterment" come alive in his pages, but so does the students' reciprocal affection. "You took not courses but the man"; he "could read the dictionary and make it exciting"; and, of course, there's the poem by one of his students:

Portrait by G[illegible] Cox

You learn no law in Public U
That is its fascination
But Felix gives a point of view
And pleasant conversation.

Felix Frankfurter was far more than an exciting teacher and researcher. As Lash ably recounts, he was the liberal legal dynamo of his time, in Brandeis's words "the most useful lawyer in the United States." He wrote for *The New Republic* which he helped found. He was a leader in the Zionist movement. He worked with the American Civil Liberties Union, helped draft the International Labor Organization charter, argued cases for the National Consumers League, fought the labor injuction, campaigned for La Follette's third party, became the leading force in the struggle to save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti (opposed, of course, by Harvard's own President, A. Lawrence Lowell). He fought the "Red" deportations of the early '20s in a leading case in Boston and later told a friend he was as proud of his cross-examination of J. Edgar Hoover in that case as of anything he ever did (curiously, reporter after reporter writing about Hoover to whom I have mentioned this cross-examination, have been unable to locate it anywhere in the files in the Federal Courthouse in Boston).

Time moves on and the liberal lawyer-teacher whom Teddy Roosevelt had accused of taking an attitude "fundamentally that of Trotsky and the other Bolshevik leaders" becomes much sought after for high office. By 1932 the Governor of Massachusetts wants to put him on the Supreme Judicial Court; Frankfurter declines. By 1933, the President wants to make him Solicitor General; he declines. (Sadly the Justice used this latter declination as precedent for advising Harvard Law Professor Paul Freund to turn down President Kennedy's offer of the Solicitor Generalship which, in turn, resulted in Freund's losing out on a Supreme Court vacancy for which he was so eminently qualified.) But one post FF did want, and that came in 1939 when President Roosevelt appointed him a Justice of the Supreme Court. Whether this was in fact a form of repayment for Frankfurter's half-supportive role in the Court-packing fight, as Lash suggests, will have to await a more thorough and detailed study both of that role and of the depth of the Frankfurter-Roosevelt relationship over the years.

Lash's analysis of Frankfurter's role on the Court, his relations to his colleagues, and his outspoken devotion to the concept of "judicial restraint" is remarkably perceptive, although less sympathetic to the Justice than others may be. This may be one point where the diaries shed more light than the essay.

Actually the book is a two-for-the-price-of-one affair and the diaries are

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fascinating. Sadly, there are far too few diary entries. Lash thinks Justice Frankfurter withheld and destroyed some parts of his diaries and, of course, others were stolen from the Library of Congress. Thus there are only fragments from Frankfurter's stint in the War Department (1911); from his Harvard Law School days (in 1928 and 1933); and from his years on the Court (in 1945 to 1948)—with one exception. That is the quite complete diary for the year 1943 covering 150 printed pages, and that's where the excitement is.

These 1943 diaries tell the story of the Justice's daily preoccupation with the war and with the people running the war effort. It will seem strange to many that he could tell Justice Murphy in the morning that "this Court has no excuse for being unless it's a monastery" and advise Bob Sherwood and Archie MacLeish at dinner that evening how to resolve the conflict between the OSS and the OWI and who should have authority over "political warfare as between the civil and military authorities." Related paradoxes are his own governmental interventions in private while bitterly criticizing Justice Douglas for national office-seeking as well as what Lash calls "the paradox of Frankfurter's activism off the Bench and his restraint on it." But Justice Frankfurter is not the first great man in history who wanted people to do as he said, not as he did; he certainly believed that his own outside activities neither affected his judicial role nor the Court's public image.

The diaries come through as considerably more bitter than the man, who was quick to anger but even quicker to make up. As so often seems to be the case, these diaries were written in the heat of the events they portray and they give a picture of a man too often running down his colleagues. Justice Black especially bore the brunt of FF's 1943 diaries; they are replete with attacks referring to "cheapest soap box orator,""a politician, although a very bad one," "violent," "vehement," "reckless." No doubt it would have been better if the Justice had cooled off before he wrote, but it is hard to believe he harbored any such feelings for very long. Indeed, his later warm relationship with Black is evidence to the contrary.

Anyway it's just plain good fun to peek at the inner workings of the Court. The stories of such cases as Schneiderman, Lepke, Hirabayashi, Nucky Johnson and Barnette are more than worth the price of admission.

Finally, whatever the diaries might show of moments of bitterness immediately after the event, FF was a true lover of people; as Harold Laski said, "he collects people" and as Mrs. Frankfurter said, "Felix has 200 best friends." His phone calls and messages of encouragement over the years must have run into the hundreds of thousands and when they stopped a great deal went out of the lives of a great many. For want of those calls and messages, Joe Lash's essay and the diaries are the next best thing.

Joseph L. Rauh

Joseph L. Rauh, a Washington attorney, was Felix Frankfurter's first law clerk.

Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went by J. K. Galbraith

(Houghton Mifflin, $10)

Elevated to the national or international level, the subject of money in the literature of economics acquires a sheen that approaches the mystical. Diligent study, somehow, cannot lift an industrious scholar from one plateau of learning to the next, as it might, say, in biology or mathematics. Casual reading, with its references to bill rates, floats, Eurodollars, liquidity preference and income velocities, serves mainly to disclose how much one has to learn. Knowing about money seems like a preternatural capacity for visions, imprinted in the genes and destined for the chosen few—the Gnomes of Zurich, the Hjalmar Schachts, the Baruchs, Warburgs, Kemmerers, Erhards, Friedmans, Keyneses and similar wizards. Or so it was, John Kenneth Galbraith undoubtedly hopes, until now.

In good measure, I think, the hope may be justified. In *Money: Whence It Came, Where It Went*, the controversial Harvard economist, liberal litterateur and former ambassador to India manages to bring life and clarity to a subject long known in university circles for inducing dull, glazed expressions. His accomplishment owes less to expository skill, which everyone knows he has, than to the approach adopted. Most others who write about money conscientiously attempt to disclose the logic underlying past and present financial institutions. Such efforts are bound to be futile. For example, the alternate hard money crises and soft money inflations negotiated by present Federal Reserve Governor Arthur Burns cannot be explained by logic. More constructively one may ask how the Federal Reserve System and Mr. Burns came to be the way they are. That is Galbraith's technique. It may be called the evolutionary approach.

Galbraith's history, which he undertook "less in relation to the past than to the present," covers the entire span of mankind's acquaintance with money, which is at least roughly coincident with the presence of written records. For much the greater part of that 4000 year period, it appears, money has been most reliably associated with precious metals, despite the occasional use of shells, cattle, tobacco, whiskey, concubines and stones. Silver and less frequently copper and gold served as media of exchange.

The more important generalization Galbraith suggests is that through most of history, and especially since the kings of Lydia invented coinage in the eighth century BC, money has had intrinsic value, which is to say, value in itself. The main problem of the public with money, therefore, was getting it, not worrying about how much it might be worth. That situation, of course, is at variance with more recent experience.

Even in the more distant past, however, the value of money was at times a matter of high uncertainty. Especially in the 16th century, a huge flow of treasure from the New World swiftly expanded the supply of precious metals, thereby swiftly reducing its value. Meanwhile ingenious monarchs and some of the more enterprising private bankers discovered inexpensive ways of debasing or counterfeiting the coinage. The practice gave rise to what Galbraith calls the "only economic law that has never been challenged"—Thomas Gresham's generalization that "bad money drives out good." So it was the debased coins that moved quickly in circulation, while the pure pieces of silver remained hoarded in attics, mattresses or buried in the ground. Progress in monetary affairs from that point onward was spectacular.

Instead of burdening people with the task of hauling heavy loads of silver and gold from place to place, both governments and private bankers proved more than eager to provide conveniences. They took the precious metals off the hands of their owners and issued warehouse receipts in exchange. Subse-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

quently, the receipts passed from hand to hand, serving as paper money. When both governments and bankers discovered that few owners ever called to claim the gold or silver, they issued receipts even when they had received no precious metals. These paper bills were paid out by bankers when making loans, and by governments when spending beyond their incomes. Out of such practices arose the more flamboyant inflations of the industrial revolution—in France of the notorious John Law in 1719-20, in colonial America in the 1740s and 1750s, during and after the War of 1812, in the greenback era of the 1860s and 1870s. To each of these, in narration, the author conveys a sense of the drama of fortunes lost and won, greed, and high but often broken hopes. The later boundless inflations in Germany of the 1920s and more recently in Latin America and Africa serve as atavistic reminders.

Out of these and similar episodes of fiscal irresponsibility arose central banks (beginning with the Bank of England in 1694), the gold standard (lasting in the industrialized world from the mid-19th century through the 1920s), and finally the present nationally managed monetary systems. All represent successive efforts to provide a reliable medium of exchange to accommodate the everyday business of life. Each appears as a new twist in the evolutionary spiral Galbraith depicts. Meanwhile the most commonly used form of money came to be checking accounts, supplemented by much smaller amounts of paper currency. Neither, of course, are (or ever have been since the early 1930s) automatically redeemable in gold, silver or anything else of intrinsic value. Gradually, as money transmogrified in this way from the concrete to the abstract, the mystery of its issuance, circulation and economic impact deepened.

Perennially questions arose to which the answers have appeared simultaneously simple and yet elusive. On what did the value of money depend? How could good monetary management be distinguished from bad? What was the connection between the supply of money and the economic health of a nation? How could the money supply best be regulated?

To these Galbraith does not provide definite answers, not at least in this book. Here he relates how other individuals and various governments have attempted to deal with them. He awards Chancellor of the Exchequer Winston Churchill the paper cap for "defending the pound" (which means keeping its value in fixed relation to an ounce of gold) in 1925 by deflating the British economy—much akin to the modern practice of fighting inflation with unemployment. Galbraith calls it "the most damaging action involving money in modern times," bringing the Great Depression to Great Britain four years earlier than anywhere else. On the other hand there are no heroes in this chronicle, since the capacity of monetary policy for evil is judged by Galbraith to be greater than that for good. Deliberate efforts by central banks (including the Federal Reserve) to achieve stability by manipulating the supply of money, he writes, have had the perverse effect of aborting booms and deepening depressions.

Nor does Galbraith's assessment

LET THE NEW REPUBLIC BLAZE THE TRAIL—

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we recommend *The New Republic* for use in your classroom. Special classroom rates for bulk orders of 10 or more copies are as follows: *Each student's copy costs only 19 cents weekly if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. Free desk copies are included for each instructor.*

Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, for one week only, or for the entire school year. You will receive your copies before they appear on the newsstand—insurance that the contents are fresh and exciting.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
An Independent Journal of Opinion
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

Please enter this CLASSROOM ORDER.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State ..... Zip .....

Number of copies weekly .....

Number of free copies needed for Instructor .....

Starting date .....

Termination date .....

Signature .....

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

become much more sanguine when his purview is extended, as it is toward the close of the book, to government's more recent efforts to supplement monetary with fiscal policies—the use of its powers to tax and to spend. Therefore the most prestigious intellectual figure in modern economic history, John Maynard Keynes, receives only a modest rating for his contribution. True, his proposals proved satisfactory, if pursued vigorously enough, to pump an economy out of great depressions—no mean achievement. But Franklin D. Roosevelt, Adolf Hitler and others sensed and used his ideas, more or less, even before Keynes wrote. And over the longer pull, in the postwar years, the so-called New Economics yielded the present dilemma of all democratic countries—the economic *demi-monde* of persistent inflation *with* unemployment. So at least does Galbraith (along with a growing number of other economists) see it.

In all Galbraith has written an embracive, perceptive history. It affords few, if any, nuggets of new data, statistical or otherwise, for the scholars. But the book should give them and the rest of us more than a few interesting new ideas. It also relates some fascinating stories, all the more intriguing because their protagonists were giants in the world of high finance gambling with the fate of nations.

Melville J. Ulmer

The Conservationist by Nadine Gordimer

(Viking, $7.95)

Nadine Gordimer chose two epigraphs for her third novel, *Occasion for Loving*. The first was by Boris Pasternak and gave the work its title: "We have all become people according to the measure in which we have loved people and have had occasion for loving." The second was by Thomas Mann: "In our time the destiny of man presents its meaning in political terms." The quotations were well suited to the novel that followed, a work set in Gordimer's South African homeland and concerned with matters of choice—from the most routine domestic problems to the more complex demands of public morality and conscience. But the Pasternak and Mann quotes could well preface any of Gordimer's novels.

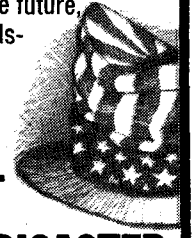
Her fourth, novella-length work, *The Late Bourgeois World*, was about misplaced love, the failure of a marriage and the sour taste left of spoiled youthful idealism. At the start of the work, Liz Van Den Sandt receives notice of her ex-husband's suicide. This once-loved man of radical politics, was "never the person he thought he was." Max Van Den Sandt's sense of failure precipitated the eventual divorce and his inevitable suicide after betraying comrades. The novel works by Gordimer's basic technique: a private life, the pull of memory and politics overlap. Liz travels through the South African countryside to visit her son at boarding school, ruminates on Max's loss, reevaluates her affair with a liberal-minded lawyer, then is visited in her home by a black nationalist whose presence threatens the delicate balance of her life. Liz's world is fast dying, teetering before the revolution.

For her next novel, *A Guest of Honor* (a truly major work that would have been acclaimed as such if more widely reviewed), Gordimer focused upon not a failed idealist but an honest man who is misled. James Bray, an Englishman and a one-time colonial administrator to a small South African country, angered the motherland by siding with black revolutionaries in their battle for independence. Some years later he is invited back by the government of the newly emerging nation, as a guest of honor, to aid in the early years of growth. Here Gordimer reexamined the potent theme of the land. The epigraph from Turgenev ("An honourable man will end up by not knowing where to live") underscores this point, as does the novel's title that, like Frank O'Connor's "Guests of the Nation," is used ironically. James Bray must make a choice; he must decide not only where his priorities lie but what those priorities might be.

The title of her newest, most ambitious work, *The Conservationist*, is also used ironically. Mehring is different from other Gordimer "protagonists" in that all his choices have been made long before we meet him. And he is by no means an idealist; if a tag is needed, he is a sensualist, out to conserve a life style based on easy conquest in business and sex.

Mehring, a middle-aged industrialist (a specialist in pig-iron), has like many another wealthy South African white man, purchased a farm, though he is not a farmer in any traditional sense of the word. The reasons for the purchase are all logical—within Mehring's frame of reference. "Many well-off city men buy themselves farms at a certain stage in their careers—the losses are deductible from income tax and this fact coincides with something less tangible it's understood they can now afford to indulge: a hankering to make contact with the land." But there is another reason as well. Mehring has been "possessed" from the first sight of the land "by the brilliant idea of the farm house as a place to bring a woman." Thus Gordimer neatly ties the image of the land to her sensual and political themes, for Mehring is defined by how he has "loved" people—and things. They are indistinguishable in his mind.

Mehring is Gordimer's most potent "political" figure, and the beauty of the characterization is that Mehring is often right. He knows that "the farm, to justify its existence and that of those who work on it, must be a going concern. These are the facts." He is good to the people who work for him, tolerant of those black men who haven't work permits. He buys them shirts and allows Jacobus, the chief herdsman, to use the tractor as a means of transportation. He

"Probing and provocative"
Publishers Weekly
This hotly controversial book shows how Kissinger's obsession with Soviet/American détente has led to an undermining of American interests in the Middle East and a continuing energy crisis at home.
"To learn what oil could conceivably do in the future, read this no-holds-barred book."
—John Barkham

THE GREAT DÉTENTE DISASTER
Oil and the Decline of American Foreign Policy
Edward Friedland, Paul Seabury & Aaron Wildavsky
$7.95 at bookstores
BASIC BOOKS INC
10 EAST 53RD ST. NEW YORK 10022

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is also much more observant than the "enemy" has a right to be. He is aware that his young left-wing mistress can berate him for his wealth, but that she also needs his high price lawyers if she wants a passport. His ex-wife can decry military regimes while hopping around the globe on his expense account. But this does not make Mehring a saint. He has no tolerance when it comes to sex. His mistress calls him a "Fascist" in this department. The irony of his life, however, is that he unconsciously plots his own death. Obsessed with the idea of bringing a woman to the farm, he is lured by a cheap whore to a stretch of land where he is then beaten by her accomplices and left to die.

The Conservationist in its narrative structure is Gordimer's least conventional work. There is little plot. One might call the novel a symphony for voices, all of which are sounding in Mehring's mind. Jacobus is a wily spokesman for the blacks; like Mehring, wishing only to maintain his superiority by keeping a tight rein on his little world. He chooses his words carefully, trying to keep a foot in both camps, for "he was himself half on the side of the authority . . . (earning) his privileges by that authority." Mehring hears the voices of this small population of souls. His rural neighbors, a family of Boers and a group of Indians who run a store down the road, as well as the black farm workers, look upon Mehring as a farmer on holiday, secretly mocking his ineptitude.

The depiction of this tightly structured universe is created by a series of repeated images, all rendered in thickly textured descriptions. The work opens with the aftermath of violent death (thus echoing "Six Feet of the Country," one of Gordimer's finest short stories). Mehring, on one of his infrequent weekend trips to the farm, is lead by Jacobus to the third pasture in which lies a well-dressed but very dead black man. Mehring calls the police who are too busy with other things. The next day they do send out a truck, but the police, who are annoyed with yet another victim of a wild Saturday night, dig a hole in Mehring's pasture and deposit the body. It remains a potent yet unobtrusive presence.

Like the land. Alive with colors and smells, the farm has its own sensual existence. The tone is set immediately by the description of the lucerne field where the black man lies: ". . . although the shriveled scraps that remain (dirt-rolls rubbed between finger and thumb, or bits of bust balloon) have lost their clover shapes and faded to grey-green, underfoot they give out now and then a sweetish whiff of summer—breath from the mouth of a cow, or the mouth of a warm sleepy woman turned to in the morning." Mehring reads "in the paper how hippos [are] aborting their foetuses in dried-up pools"; casting a cold eye on the female member of the neighboring Boer family, Mehring comes to the conclusion that "to go into one of these women must be like using the fleshy succulent plants men in the Foreign Legion have to resort to"; and when he speaks of his ex-wife, it is in terms of territory, as if she were gotten rid of in some property deal.

Then there are the eggs. The novel opens with a simple three word sentence: "Pale freckled eggs." Black children are playing with a clutch of guinea fowl eggs, a wasteful act that Mehring had forbidden on the farm. Mehring's son gives his mother a semi-precious stone as a gift; a peace sign in the form of an egg is painted on a water tank by one of the Indian shop owners; Mehring keeps a marble in his car that is fondled by the whore who brings about his death. She also munches on an egg sandwich as she and Mehring search about for a nice shaded place to make love.

The South Africa of *The Conservationist* is an hallucinatory landscape. Gordimer's technique distorts the truth only slightly—like the photo on the dust jacket. This brief bit of African terrain seems to have been shot through a fish eye lense; thus the flat-topped tree at the center appears distorted, but only slightly. It is now both ominous and elegant; in fact, from a distance it looks like a small mushroom cloud. Gordimer, by paring down the landscape to the bare essentials (as if creating a stage set for a modern morality play), has made the land the most compelling character in the novel, the true hero. It lives on, denying Mehring, the sexual colonist, his last six feet of the country.

Robert Leiter

Robert Leiter is a free-lance writer and critic living in Philadelphia.

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER
Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St. New York, N.Y. 10001.

American Fried: Adventures of A Happy Eater by Calvin Trillin

(Doubleday; $6.95)

"Food is fuel," a Calvinist of my acquaintance said to me as I was wolfing down a piece of Schwarzwalder tort in a little bakery in the Austrian town of Melk. Denying herself pleasures of all sorts, my friend thought there was something trivial, obscene and quite definitely immoral about living to eat when eating, after all, is just a biological function one has to endure to stay alive. When I'm through with it I am going to send her my marked copy of *American Fried*, an eater's book about eating that was published last year but that I've waited 'til now to review because I wanted first to see for myself if Bud Trillin could possibly be right about Kansas City: "The best restaurants in the world are, of course, in Kansas City."

Now, I've done some pretty serious eating, among other places, in France. And if Missouri claims to outshine Paul Bocuse's little beanery in Collonges-au-Mont-d'Or I say show me. With a week free, Trillin's book in hand and a Greyhound bus ticket, I recently set out for Kansas City in search of the perfect hamburger, the ideal doughnut, the transcendental barbecue and the quintessential chocolate malt.

I had misgivings about Trillin's claims from the beginning because though *The New Yorker* has taught him to write very well, though his metaphors themselves are good enough to eat, and though he's funnier than Art Buchwald, he *did* grow up in Kansas City and civic boosters lie a lot. Moreover food criticism is the lowest art form. It is food that matters, not what some guy who knows what he likes has to say about it.

I considered it a good sign that Trillin seems to like what I like, that is, real food served in the sort of place the French *Michelin* guide awards "one fork and spoon," where the food takes precedence over the surroundings, bourgeoise cuisine. Trillin does not like Marriott, McDonald's, plastic panelling, atmosphere, wordy menus, revolving restaurants, remodeling, French food outside France; he doesn't like additives, nutritionists or phonies. He likes honest food prepared by people who care as much about good eating as he does. His taste,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

therefore, has taken him from Yonah Shimmel's Knishery on Houston Street in New York, to the Baltimore City Fair for Polish sausage and crab cakes, to Cincinnati for chili, to Louisiana for crawfish, and often to Kansas City for a variety of delights.

After 27 hours on a succession of buses (Goddamn Fred MacMurray) and several meals in the unspeakable Post House cafeterias that Greyhound makes its passengers captive to, Kansas City had to be an improvement, but I was still a little suspicious when I got to Winstead's old-fashioned tiled drive-in and saw Trillin's *Life* magazine review of the place blown up on the wall. I stopped to read and found Trillin writing of KC in 1970: "the entire city has only two restaurants worth eating in." Only two? What is this? *American Fried* says the "four or five" best restaurants *in the world* are there. Did Trillin's enthusiasm for his home town increase when he decided to stretch an article into a book?

Worrying over that, I sat down at the counter and asked Judy to fix me a triple Winstead steakburger ("We grind US graded Choice steak daily for this sandwich and broil on a greaseless grill") with cheese (12¢ extra), lettuce (5¢) and everything on it. Trillin says he orders "everything" on everything. I also ordered the recommended Special Chocolate Malt ("The exclusive Winstead drink you eat with a spoon"), a lime Coke and fries. Trillin has limitless enthusiasm for Winstead's hamburger's "monumental purity . . . No seeds planted on the buns, no strong sauce that might keep the exquisite flavor of the meat from dominating, no showy meat thickness that is the downfall of most hamburgers."

Well, he's right. The patties are about an eighth of an inch thick and lap over the edges of the seedless bun. A little grease runs out and solidifies on the plate but the hamburger cannot be called greasy. The Kansas City beef is, how shall I say it, sublime. Trillin kvells over the fresh lime Cokes, the thick malts—sort of a Tastee Freez in a glass—and he's correct on all counts. He faults Winstead's french fries. "Craftsmen should stick to their craft." They are mealy, probably frozen, and after a confirming bite I decided to save room for the next stop on my Trillin itinerary. I planned to do Kansas City in a day on foot and I had a lot of eating ahead of me.

To test Trillin I asked a lot of questions of everybody I met, mainly, it turned out, cab drivers. My last stop was to be Arthur Bryant's barbecue, "THE SINGLE BEST RESTAURANT IN THE WORLD," so I inquired about that. One cabbie said Gates was better, so I first went to Gates & Son's—how else to find out—for a beef on white and a glass of milk. Very nice, I thought, if you like barbecue. James H. Kaplan, the chairman of the board of Harlan Export Corporation and world traveler extraordinaire who I found slumming in Arthur Bryant's place, said Gates & Son's is "no good," so is Snead's, one of Trillin's favorites. The stall that sells barbecue at the city market is the best, he said, better than Bryant's. But Mr. Kaplan and his young son were eating at Bryant's; that must be evidence of something. I'm getting ahead of myself.

It is hot in Kansas City in August and I had a lot of ground to cover, so I stopped walking and hired a taxi, first to take me to the Country Club Dairy for yet another chocolate shake. Trillin says "it's an historical fact in three flavors" that he's consumed 600 gallons of Country Club's shakes. The dairy's plant has moved to new digs so all that is left is the soda fountain and a warehouse full of used cars. Three flavors now are six in the "ice cream milk shake" category, a subspecies of the "Spirit of 75" list that has on it 25 flavors including purple cow and grasshopper. Since purity is everything I ordered chocolate and liked it a lot. What does one say about a milkshake?

My driver, who thought I was bats, waited to take me to LaMar's doughnut shop, located in what 15 years ago was a gas station. "I stopped going there when they put in that coin-operated coffee machine," he volunteered. "It's real bitter." Trillin's friend Fats Goldberg says that at LaMar's "they do a sugar doughnut that's dynamite." So of course I got a "granulated sugar doughnut." I took a bite and saved the rest for later because, having just consumed a triple at Winsteads, a lime Coke, one French fry, two legendary chocolate shakes, a barbecue, a glass of milk (and a Chilly Willie that was not on the Trillin list), I still had Arthur Bryant's ahead of me.

Arthur Bryant is a black man who has a storefront near the abandoned stadium where the Kansas City Athletics used to play. Trillin says it was one of the first integrated restaurants in town because it was so good that white people wanted to eat there even if it did serve Negroes. My cabdriver friend says Bryant used to serve whites separately in a curtained side room. And James H. Kaplan, my chance eating companion says "You know, Arthur didn't use to serve blacks." Whatever the historical truth, Arthur Bryant, in his rundown little storefront puts together one fantastic barbecue beef sandwich. It's no wonder a TV network last year did a film report from Arthur Bryant's place. Kaplan thinks Kansas City meat is what makes the barbecue superior. Trillin believes it has something to do with Bryant being black. "Going to a white run barbecue is, I think, like going to a gentile internist: It might turn out all right, but you haven't made any attempt to take advantage of the percentages." Maybe it's the hickory fire over which the meat is cooked for 13 hours, or the special sauce that Bryant concocts twice a year in 2500 gallon batches. It certainly isn't the atmosphere. The joint has no atmosphere.

I didn't make it to Laura's Fudge Shop or to Jess & Jim's for steak or to any of the 13 Zarda's for a banana split. Since Trillin hasn't been home lately I'm sorry to have to tell him that Stroud's chicken place no longer exists by that name; at least it's not in the phone book. They had a fire at Snead's last year but it's open again now, remodelled I suppose. And MacLean's Bakery spells its name McLain. Also, everybody's prices have gone up.

David Sanford

David Sanford has been suffering from gastritis for the past two weeks.

Moving?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

MAIL TO:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
381 West Center Street
Marion, Ohio 43302

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TNR please send both labels. If moving, list new address above Note: your subscription will end with the month and year given on the top line of label. Example: Jul 77 means subscription will end in July 1977.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Of Thee, Nevertheless, I Sing
by William Lee Miller

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10)

Of Thee, Nevertheless, I Sing is a nice, wry title—reminiscent of E. M. Forster's *Two Cheers for Democracy*—an expression of Miller's rueful yet finally optimistic assessment of the moral climate of current American politics. This is a book whose time has come, in the sense that the author has had it on his mind for years; Watergate has created an occasion for its publication.

Miller knows that our interest in Watergate has reached the saturation point, acknowledging this in one of his chapter titles—"There Are People Out There Who Want to Believe: An American Failure Story." Nevertheless Watergate cannot be pushed aside in fatigue, or dismissed as an aberration. Nor can it be traced simply to structural weaknesses in the political system, as the "imperial Presidency" theorists seem to think. Structural reform is all very well, but the excesses of the Nixon regime were evoked by what Miller calls the "moral and interpretative vacuum" of American politics since 1950.

Politics and morality are always in tension with each other, of course; 25 years ago the former began muscling the latter completely out of the picture. Always disdainful of moral discourse anyway, politicians in the 1950s intensified their pragmatism. All over Washington hard-nosed men were tough-mindedly thinking the unthinkable about nuclear war, and reducing the policy process to the indifferent calculus of cost-benefit.

At the same time, all over Cambridge, Massachusetts and other centers of learning, liberal intellectuals were developing a mode of political interpretation that consisted basically in draining the word "ought" of its moral substance. Whenever the question "What ought to be done?" arose with reference to public policy, the answer was likely to be "Whatever will work," whatever that meant.

Miller argues that "intellectual movements do matter" in shaping the political consciousness of an age. He holds his own generation of thinkers and teachers responsible for reinforcing the politicians' smug assumption that in the modern world political ideals are obsolescent.

One ideal, "the end of ideology," thrived in the intellectual climate of the Cold War. Daniel Bell, Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. and others explained that ideologies—*i.e.*, universalistic systems of political belief, like communism—had exhausted and discredited themselves. As systematic ways of interpreting society and politics, ideologies were doctrinaire, illiberal and susceptible to bureaucratization, their absolutism appealing chiefly to fanatics.

The revolt against ideology tended to become a relativism about ideas. Within limits this was a healthy development. As Miller says, democracy requires a procedural relativism in which all ideas have an equal opportunity to be heard. But he adds, "openness may become an emptiness . . . The initial relativism that a free society requires may turn into a thorough-going and debilitating relativism by which a free society will be undercut."

"What was the defect in John Ehrlichman, H. R. Haldeman, and their group?" he asks. "That they were moral absolutists, fanatics, running over grandmothers because they were sure they were right? . . . Or that they were cynics, . . . men who knew no law save self-interest?" Were they, in other words, ideologues or amoral relativists? Miller's answer is tantalizing: "For the most part one would choose the second of these, but the simultaneous plausibility of the first suggests the complexity, that they may flow into one another."

He never says exactly what he means by this suggestion, but the bulk of his book can be seen as a leisurely exploration of possible meanings. He notices how our moral ideas have a way of defeating themselves by confusing ends and means. For instance the value put on technology as a means may evolve into a view of technology as an end in itself; public policy is then tailored to the needs of technocracy, rather than the other way around. "National security" and "executive privilege" are also means similarly turned into ends. Even moral relativism can be converted from a procedure into a principle, at which point moralism becomes, paradoxically, immoral. Perhaps this is why Nixon and his henchmen sought to suppress the "elitists" who attacked the President on moral grounds.

Having restored "moral reason" to its rightful place, prior to "technical reason" and squarely at the center of political discourse, Miller repetitively reminds us of the liberal "ethos" of the "original purpose" of the United States. He revives the "universally valuable ideals" of "semi-egalitarianism," "self-government," and respect for individual persons, and calls for a redistribution of wealth and "the unhumiliating treatment of men and women by the arrangements of society." The means to these ends is to be "more central government and collective action than Americans have been accustomed to."

Some readers will accept the analysis of American political morality but reject the conclusion as worn-out progressivism. Miller might well reply that its degeneration prevented progressivism from ever having a fair trial. His aim is to retrace our moral path until he gets back to the point of digression. As Shirley MacLaine has said in another context, you can get there from here.

Peter McGrath

Peter McGrath has been a regular reviewer for *New Society* (London).

A Citizen's Guide to Nuclear Power

Ralph E. Lapp's three-part series on the nuclear plant controversy and Mr. Lapp's earlier article "Where Will We Get the Energy?" are now available as a 68-page booklet, including a previously unpublished introduction by the author. Price (including postage and handling):

1-10—$1 per copy
11-50—85 cents
over 50—75 cents

Address orders to:
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, NW • Washington, DC 20036

Prepaid orders only
D.C. residents add 5% tax

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Back of the Book

The Roy Rogers Family Restaurant

Every fourth or fifth Sunday our children persuade my wife and me to lead them to the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant. This does not represent a pattern of defeat. We used to take similar trips to McDonald's, which are more dangerous than the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant because of their numbers. I remember driving through towns so small that they had abandoned electricity, only to round an apparently innocent corner and confront those great golden arches, albeit lit by candles. The children would exclaim; my wife would touch me gently on the shoulder; and in I would turn, ready for the warmth of a Big Shake over my lap. Even the car trembled.

Those days are gone forever. I put my foot down after a crop of quasi-analytical articles on McDonald's began to appear in national magazines, and a popular song was made of the McDonald's jingle. Then I began to realize that with every bite of a Big Mac or Tripple Ripple *(sic)*, I was complicit in a cultural conspiracy. I could not offer this reasoning to my children, for fear of sounding anti-democratic. Instead I said that I would no longer tolerate McDonald's because I would no longer tolerate eating in the car. So much for tact. Within days of my announcement, my family had discovered the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant, equipped with enough tables and chairs (barrels) for the whole wide world.

In fact it is the whole wide world that the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant claims as its province. Not alone in this ambition, it is aided by places such as Gino's, Pizza Hut, Arthur Treacher's, Burger King, Burger Chef and of course McDonald's as well, now functioning as muse of the conspiracy, all of which, as if you hadn't noticed, have plundered every major suburb in America, and are currently heading for the cities on the airport roads. I mean this not as a call to arms; we have long ago lost the Battle of Beautiful Things. There is a quieter war in the works.

As a grown-up with grown-up's stature, I ought to bring sweat and terror to the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant every time I set my boot in the door. The professionally radiant cowgirls in their paper stetsons and plastic cinch belts ought to stampede like strippers in a raid when I show up. The Musak ought to stop cold. The amber-colored french fries and chicken legs ought to crash to the floor. That none of this happens, that instead the cowgirls seem to smile victoriously at my appearance, emblemizes the situation. Every time I bring my family over their "family" threshold, they whittle another notch.

The reason the word "family" is affixed to the franchise is the same reason why certain movies are designated family entertainment, certain TV programs family shows, and a recent publication, a family magazine. The idea is that the family as a unit is a low culture group. People will tell us that the "family" tag is simply meant to keep smut out of this kitchen, but this is disingenuous. A good French restaurant is never called a family restaurant. *King Lear* is not a family show. At the same time, it is conceded that *King Lear* and a good French restaurant are better, if more complicated, than family shows and family restaurants, thus implying that the American family seeks, perhaps deserves, something worse.

The Roy Rogers Family Restaurant is not a bad restaurant at all. In fact it is a good, solid and safe restaurant. At least the food is solid. The building itself is made only to look solid, like all the other eating places of the recent blitz, with imitation fences, handhewn beams, pegs, barrels, wagon wheels and brick. For protection there is an imitation Kentucky rifle on the wall, next to the imitation Confederate dollar. One of the curiosities of places like Roy Rogers and Gino's is that although they pop up overnight, their architects insist that the buildings look weathered and antique. Believers in irony, they assume that we only trust old things if they were stapled together yesterday.

But the food is sound and digestible. There is nothing wrong with it. There is nothing wrong with any aspect of the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant, except the clatter, and the ominous poster: "Fly with the crows; get shot with the crows." There is something a little troubling about the decorators' preoccupation with the Confederate army. There is something strange about the tiny American flag planted in the hamburgers. There is something stranger about Roy Rogers himself who, when his horse Trigger died, had the animal stuffed. Such things do not bother the hoards of customers, however. The Roy Rogers Family Restaurant is their kind of place, they are told. A bit of the old frontier, right close to the Exxon station, where everybody says please and thank you, and no words are discouraging.

Roy Rogers costs less than most eating places, which is admirable. Its planners realized that most customers cannot afford expensive meals, particularly if four or five mouths are watering. Theoretically they also envisaged a majority of children at the tables, yet children are far outnumbered by working people at weekday lunch and by late night snackers. Thus the Restaurant while nominally devoted to a figure and ambiance associated with childhood, is actually a place for grown-ups: grown-ups who think of themselves as family oriented, and grown-ups in the company of families. Grown-ups are in fact the only people in the place (including the 16-year-old cowgirls) who remember who Roy Rogers, Dale, Nelly-Belle and Bullet were, and that "dern tootin'" (on another sign) was Pat Butram's way of expressing himself.

Since this is so, items on the menu such as the Double-R-Bar-Burger and a Holster of Fries, that would seem designed for the little ones are instead meant to be spoken by the big. Daddy has liquid amusement in his voice when he asks for the "Hamburger Fixin's," yet the menu was written for him. The Restaurant has thus provided him with three things: an excuse for a cheap meal in the name of nostalgia or of pleasing the children; a chance to appear fully grown in a context where he may

WRITERS WHY WAIT?
PUBLISH YOUR BOOK IN 90 DAYS

. . . and get expert editing, design, manufacture, publicity, promotion and advertising—all under one roof at low costs. Two **free books** and literature give details and success stories. Write or call Dept. 107

EXPOSITION PRESS, INC.
900 So. Oyster Bay Rd., Hicksville, N.Y. 11801
(516) 822-5700

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

smugly mock childhood; and childhood itself, a brief adventure backwards.

Such an adventure is precisely what the Roy Rogers people wish us to take, a fear-free adventure for the American middle class on happy trails where there are no head waiters or other status intimidations. Just cowgirls, pardner, saying "howdy, pardner." There is no reason why a cowgirl serving food should seem saner or more natural than a man in a tux. It is simply that the cowgirl condescends to our fears, while the man in the tux deliberately aggrevates them.

Like all successful businesses, the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant profits by its presumptions about people. Its main presumption is that Americans would rather be conned quietly than openly demoralized (a thought verified by Franklin, Melville and Twain). This accounts for that victory grin on the cowgirls' faces, both the accuracy of the presumption and the con itself. I, nearly 21st century, urbanized Eastern man, walk into the fake old west Restaurant with my high-fallutin' ways, sidle up to the counter real gentlemanlike, and ask for a Holster of Fries—not for me, you understand, for the family. In a way the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant is a work of genius; it makes a fool of you in the name of the institution it purports to celebrate.

That institution, the American family, is not well thought of generally, if its representations in popular media are to be trusted. Television in particular has had much to say about the American family since the days of "Life with Father" and "The Stu Erwin Show," namely that the American family is stupid, and stupider in aggregate than any single member. The abilities of TV families to deal calmly and sensibly with anything is in inverse proportion to their numbers, making the recent Brady Bunch (of eight) the stupidest to date. Yet there is also safety in numbers. We allow these groups to fumble through their driving lessons and high school proms without criticism because we realize that we are not watching families of man at all, but fictional bumpkins with several heads.

I believe that the inventors of the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant have watched television carefully over the years. In their imaginations and calculations have marched the Andersons, the Nelsons, the Flintstones, the Rileys, the Danny Williamses and others. But the Roy Rogers people did not envisage these families on television solving more problems. They saw them instead piling into the car, driving up Wisconsin Avenue, pulling into the parking lot, and bounding in the door. They even saw the old man, reluctant, fidgety, complaining about cultural conspiracies while simultaneously playing grown up to himself and his kids. And they saw him coming back Sunday after Sunday. (Help.)

Roger Rosenblatt

Correspondence

Viorst Regrets

To the editors:

Milton Viorst makes several errors in his article ("Mayor Daley's Revenge," *TNR*, August 16 & 23).

Illinois did not have "a Republican-appointed state judiciary" when its present congressional districts were drawn in 1971. Judges at all levels were then (and still are) elected, not appointed. The highest state court, the Illinois Supreme Court, had then (and still has) a majority of Democratic justices. Mr. Viorst may have meant to say "federal judiciary."

Mayor Richard J. Daley's son in the state Senate is named Richard M. Daley, not "Richard Daley Jr." He is chairman of the Judiciary Committee, not the "Labor Committee."

Abner Mikva's opponent in his 1972 congressional race, Samuel H. Young, was not an "incumbent."

Mikva did not win his 1974 congressional race against Young "by a wide margin." He won by only 2860 votes out of 164,054 cast, or 50.87 percent to 49.13 percent.

Mikva lost his 1972 race by 7459 votes out of 233,903 cast, or 51.6 percent to 48.4 percent. Viorst says this race was "close."

But he says Daley's candidate in the 1972 gubernatorial primary, Paul Simon, was "badly beaten" when he lost to Dan Walker by 51.4 percent to 48.6 percent (a margin of 40,293 votes out of 1,430,093 cast).

Thus the "badly beaten" Simon actually came closer to winning than Mikva did in his "close" 1972 election, but not nearly as close as Young came in 1974 when he lost by "a wide margin."

It is misleading to say Daley's opponent in the 1975 mayoral election "was strongly backed by the newspapers." *The Chicago Tribune*, which has the largest circulation of the three Chicago papers, endorsed neither candidate.

Daley's congressional redistricting bill was not "blocked . . . on a legislative technicality" in the Illinois House. The House voted to kill the bill by striking its enacting clause. Daley can try to get a new bill through both houses, but he will need to do much more than merely sidestep a technicality. Thus it may be premature to say "the fate of the plan probably depends now on Gov. Dan Walker."

In any event, Daley can hardly "force another vote in September." The legislature does not reconvene until October 22.

John Camper
Springfield Correspondent
The Chicago Daily News

In reply:

Mr. Camper is correct in that there were a number of small errors in the piece. The judiciary sitting on any Illinois congressional map litigation would be a three-judge *federal* panel, of which two of the members are *appointed* Republicans. Mayor Daley's son in the state Senate does have a different middle initial from his father, but he is nonetheless known throughout Illinois as "Richard Daley Jr." Mikva's opponent in 1972, was, indeed, not an incumbent,

Perform a defying death-act.

Give Heart Fund.

American Heart Association

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though he was the Republican candidate in a normally Republican district. As for what constitutes "close," I believe that's a function of expectation. The Mikva-Young election of 1972 was close, in my estimation, because Nixon won the district overwhelmingly, while a two percent shift in the congressional vote would have given Mikva the victory. In 1974 Mikva, in a race expected to be very tight, won rather comfortably, thus a "wide margin." Similarly, Simon was the favorite against Walker in 1972, and thus was "badly beaten." As for the newspapers, all three dailies have traditionally supported Daley, so when two switch and one remains neutral, I feel it's fair to say his opponent was "strongly backed." On the question of the legislature, the return each fall is called the "September session," whenever it convenes. None of these explanations, however, is meant to justify inaccuracy. I apologize for the errors, and am gratified that they cover only matters which in no way weaken the points made in the article.

Milton Viorst

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

no Stanley Kramer of animation, inflated with a Good Cause, then plunking it onto film somehow. As in all good art, the way he works is part of why he works. Bakshi has been finding his style through his first two pictures, fairly firmly in the second. Now he has it. What he sees—what he saw before he started—is, first and finally, what the picture is about, what he has to "say."

But I've omitted an important element of his style: the sound track. Bakshi has ears as well as eyes. First there is fine music by Chico Hamilton. Second, those voices, those black speaking voices. It's not a matter of yuk-yuk har-har chocolate gargles. It's a matter of richness, orchestration of timbres, the humor and pathos of inflection, the acute interplay. Bakshi's animated sequences have one of the best sound tracks I can remember in animation, immediate and warm.

The main episodes sometimes have interludes between them. I specify two. A young black woman sitting by a crib in Harlem sings a blues (all this in animation) about a being called "the cockaroach" who only came around to eat, then left her for downtown where the pickings are better; and he was replaced by "the rat." It seems a plaintive song about her lovers until you realize that she really is singing about cockroaches and rats.

And there is a series of "bits" (also animation) between different black men and Miss America, a busty young blonde in stars-and-stripes briefs. In each of them she entices a black and then polishes him off, once with a pistol shot from between her spread legs.

The only scene that stands out as extraneous is one between a live white couple and cartooned blacks that is just warmed-over Lenny Bruce. Most of the rest—the Godfather and his blatantly homosexual sons, the devil-angel who flits around the Mafia (a fantastically good touch), the "God-fearing" black brothel where the preacher marries couples at night and divorces them in the morning, dozens of other sharp scenes—is digested into a flashing acid stream. Bakshi has even found a way to work in a Jewish caricature, as if he had looked over the film when finished, had found that his blistered New York contained no Jews, and mended the lack by putting in a Jew as Mafia crony.

But, from the wry joke of the title on, this film is not against groups—it's against snarling, short-sighted, scrabbling, egocentric, murderous American city life, particularly as it beats up on blacks. Progressively through his three films Bakshi, who is white, has staked his territory—the American city as hell, racially torn hell, engulfing people who are learning how to live in hell. *Coonskin* is an obviously flawed but fierce little work of art, done at a high level of imaginative energy and with some touches of brilliance.

The Classifieds

Personals

STOP SMOKING. Try *Organic Aid.* Send $2.00 to Organic Research, Dept R, Box 11448, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15238

WITHIN READERSHIP of NEW REPUBLIC is there an amenable, merry widower available for a merry but modest widow? New Republic Box 7135.

YOUNG MAN, SIXTIES - bicycles, hikes; socially, politically, sexually very alive. Teaches college part-time. Seeks female companion, San Francisco. Reply New Republic Box 7140.

ATTRACTIVE L.A. WOMAN - scientist, 29, seeks intelligent, good-looking communicative man who enjoys backpacing, jogging, dancing, theater. New Republic Box 7145.

CAN'T AFFORD CONSULTANTS? We'll recommend programmatic and administrative strategies for your non-profit organization at no cost if you'll write us about your situation by September 30th. Strategic Planning Group, 502 South Broadway, Lexington, Kentucky 40508

PRESBYTERIAN GAY CAUCUS - for gay and concerned nongay Presbyterians. PGC, Dept. NR, Box 2073, Chicago 60690

PLEASE send young woman free advice . . . New Republic Box 7155

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016

CAN'T SLEEP? READ? THINK? Mack's "Pillowsoft" Earplugs. Moldable Soundproofing. Ear Doctor recommended. Guaranteed! $2.99. Eyeshade, $3.99. SLEEPMACHINE. FREE DETAILS. HARRINGTON, 359-B East 68th Street, New York, New York 10021.

MARITAL AIDS FOR ADULTS (Pleasure oriented). Send $2.00 for illustrated catalogue (refunded with first purchase). State your age. Privacy assured. PLEASURE PRODUCTS, Box 131, Dept. NR-2, East Lansing, Michigan 48823

DATES GALORE! Meet singles- anywhere. Call DATELINE, Toll-free (800) 451-3245.

HUMANISM - an alternative to traditional philosophy, religion and current mysticism. Maintan your common sense and exercise your spirit of adventure. Free information: American Humanist Association, Dept. NR, 602 Third Street, San Francisco, California 94107

MAN, FIFTIES - seeking woman companion to share interest in music, outdoors, theater, travel, life. Long Island New York area. New Republic Box 7120.

FREE AUTO CLUB MEMBERSHIP including $5,000 accident insurance, towing and road service. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope plus 25¢ handling to: Gulf Gifts, 106-A West Madison, Harlingen, Texas 78550

SAVE YOUR FAMILY MONEY, anguish and time by prepaing full instructions concerning your burial, property, insurance and other business and personal matters. Send $3.00 for your Decedent Instruction Forms. Forms include all the important items you have never thought to mention to your family. These instructions are necessary with or without a Will. Forms, Box 263, Newton, Kansas 67114.

NEED HELP BUT NOT PSYCHIATRY? A Confide "comprehensive" provides expert individual counseling in concentrated form. Reaches you anywhere—quickly, confidentially, economically. No subject tabooed. Details on request. CONFIDE, Box 56-NRK, Tappan, New York 10983 (914) 359-8860.

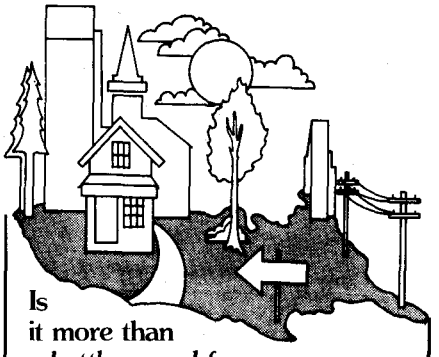
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OVERPOPULATION IS A CANCEROUS DISEASE destroying mankind and the world. NEGATIVE POPULATION GROWTH needed. Free brochure, NPG, Inc., Room 414 (RI), 103 Park Avenue, New York City 10017

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY, New Information: Dept. NR2, R.D. 1, Box 409, Coopersburg, Pennsylvania 18036

PEOPLE ALWAYS SAY how good American Indians are with their hands. Give them a chance to show what they can do with their minds. Help keep an individual Indian child of the Southwest in school. Be a personal friend. The cost is low - $15 per month. The rewards are priceless. Write for further information to: Futures for Children, 4401 Montgomery Blvd., N.E., Albuquerque, New Mexico 87109.

Celebration '76 Radio



Is it more than a battleground for Presidential candidates?

Tune in to the story of

New Hampshire

on The States of the Union

NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO's weekly series devoted to the 50 states. Check local listings for broadcast times, or **write:**

National Public Radio

2025 M St., N.W. Washington, D.C. 20036

Bumperstickers

"EARL BUTZ FOR PRESIDENT - A turkey in every pot" bumperstickers: 2/$1.00. G.P.O. Box 175-NR. Chicopee, Massachusetts 01013

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS Lowcost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure. Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR. 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

"BAN BUMPER STICKERS" $1.00 each. "IGNORE THIS SIGN" $1.00 each. W. Laverick, Box 3788, Chula Vista, California 92011

Stationery

PROFESSIONALS - top quality business/social stationery at discount. Colorful sampler/catalogue 50¢. Jacques Stationery, (395N), Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

Literature

THE FUTURE: Catalogue of Resources lists books, tapes, games dealing with possible future developments in technology and society. 25¢. World Future Society, Dept. G, 4916 St. Elmo Avenue, Washington, D.C. 20014.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON'S NEWSLETTER of the Democratic Left; political, labor, feminist developments plus informed analysis of energy, economic crisis, and future of socialism $5/year. Newsletter, 853 Broadway, Room 617, New York, New York 10003

WHAT? Allied politics prolonged World War II and the Korean war for two years? Read "THE RULING MINORITY," 174 pp., $5.95. Library Research Associates, Pub., Dunderbeg Road, Monroe, New York, New York 10950

EROS - Complete set of 4 beautiful issues. $395.00. New Republic Box 7125.

PRE-PUBLICATION OFFER - *Social Directions and Alternatives: A Critical Guide to the Literature*, by Michael Marien. Annotations and cross-references to over 200 current social forecasts, polemics, and platforms. Regularly $10; only $7.50 if ordered by October 1 from Information for Policy Design, D115, LaFayette, New York 13084.

ROCKEFELLOR AND HIS C.I.A. "SOCIALIST," FAKE LIBERAL, AND REAL RIGHT WING AGENTS in the media, government, unions, etc. peddle the same anti-Communist, anti-Soviet lies while offering you the mock choices of *"progressive," "moderate"* or *"conservative"* Chase Manhattan-World Bank fascist looting. Have these C.I.A. lightning rods diverted your energy from the only real alternative: NEW SOLIDARITY, Marxist newspaper of the U.S. Labor Party (N.C.L.C.). 50 issues $12.00. CAMPAIGN PUBLICATIONS, INC., 231 W. 29th Street, New York, New York 10001

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619

READ THE GUARDIAN—Newsweekly gives MARXIST viewpoint on national and international news. Special 8-week trial sub., $1.00 GUARDIAN, Dept. N.R., 33 West 17th Street, New York, New York 10011 (Full Year $12.50, student $7.50)

60¢ per word

400,000 readers

#3 ON THE HOUSE

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S special introductory "3 for 2" offer works like this. You pay for 2 insertions . . . we give you #3 FREE (on the house). Why? Because THE NEW REPUBLIC knows that your multiple insertions produce the results your advertising deserves.

☐ Please run the enclosed ad _____ times.
☐ Advance payment of _____ enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

_____

TNR CLASSIFIEDS
. . . the foundation for your successful advertising!

TNR Box numbers = 3 words to cover cost of postage and handling
(See frequency rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Literary Services

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print as few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details, Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011

WRITERS — "UNSALABLE" MANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022

Books Wanted

EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS, John McDonald, E. Doc Smith and sci-fi classics wanted. Will buy or trade. New Republic Box 7110.

WANTED—BOOKS About civil liberties and libertarians. Cases, theory, biography, autobiography. Good condition only. New Republic Box 7055.

Home Instruction

READ FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN OR SPANISH within weeks without memorizing anything. Revolutionary new Rundle System. Send $19.95, specify language, or write for free London Daily Telegraph feature article. Templegate Publishers, Dept. C, Box 963, Springfield, Illinois 62705

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week nonpolitical non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 101 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017 (212) 889-7960

Employment Wanted

Ph.D. METALLURGIST - will consider ANY position from post-doc to technician. T. Patrician, Box 87, Monroeton, Pennsylvania 18832

WRITING AND/OR RESEARCH POSITION with environmental interest goup desired. SM Computer Science, business experience, literary publication. Will work for a pittance. New Republic Box 7130.

Employment Opportunities

AGENT WANTED, NETWORK EXPERIENCE - New television quiz show, audience participation, nationwide, every viewer possible winner. New Republic Box 7065.

Business Opportunities

HUGE PROFITS in silver, coffee commodity options. Details $1.00. DOTY, 1402 Lombard, San Francisco, California 94123

HOW TO MAKE MONEY writing short paragraphs. Information free. Barrett, Dept. C-456-F, 6216 N. Clark, Chicago, 60660

Property Sale/Rent

PUBLIC LAND FOR SALE. Free information. Government Information Bureau, 332 Pine Street, San Francisco, California 94104

BEAUTIFUL SAND DUNE SHOREFRONT PROPERTY - Prince Edward Island North Shore, 10 acres, 220 feet ocean frontage. A. Ritter, 859 Springland Drive, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada KIV6L5

RED CLOVER CREEK IN NORTHERN CALIFORNIA. Beautiful Sierra stream land at Indian Creek fork. Dramatic mountain setting. We previously advertised small plan of private two acre parcels and primitive commons areas, restrictions protecting natural forest setting, electricity, year around paved access, National Forest surrounding and excellent swimming and fishing. Most sold to New Republic respondents. We have now completed a similar very small plan for permanent homes or retreats, combining all the above with partial self-sufficiency provided by adjacent irrigated pasture, meadow and commons garden area. Wish to encourage experimentation with alternate energy. Write H. Page, Taylorsville, California 95983

Vacation/Travel

ST. LUCIA, WEST INDIES - 3 bedroom, 2 bath apartment. 1000 foot elevation. Spectacular view of Caribbean. Pool. Beaches nearby. $245 weekly includes maid-cook. Harry Paine, 3226 University, Highland Park, Illinois 60035. (312) 432-0318.

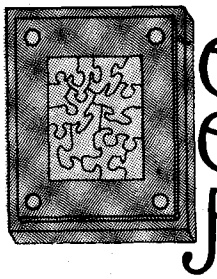
JAMAICAN beachfront villa, four bedrooms, maid-cook, $200-$340 depending season, number. Hikaru, 141 Ridgefield, Hartford, Connecticut 06112. (203) 247-0759.

EXPLORE the Parisian Left Bank in new offbeat guidebook, PARISWALKS, by Alison and Sonia Landes. Four 2½ hour walking tours, maps, photos, hotel list, recipes. Send $4.50 for paperback copy to Dept. JW, The New Republic Book Co., Inc., 1826 Jefferson Place N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036

Arts & Crafts

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS" 50¢ Whittemore, Box 2065PP, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS. Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. Catalog fully illustrated with 486 subjects. $8.00. Write Adachi Institute, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan or Fuji Ueda, 17841 Golfview Road. Homewood, Illinois 60430.



The Copper Puzzle

Pure copper puzzle mounted between Plexiglas and cork with solid brass screws. Mounted size 5" x 7". Each puzzle is original and completely handcrafted. Send $30 for each puzzle to:

thom hickam
809 n. wayne st. #3b
arlington va. 22201

Sports Equipment

BACKPACKING, SKI TOURING, CAMPING EQUIPMENT. Touring kayak kits, foldboats, accessories. Books, guides. Personalized, rapid service by knowledgeable, concerned people. Free catalog. MOOR & MOUNTAIN, Dept. 44, 63 Park Street, Andover, Massachusetts 01810

Music

BEST kits yet for Dulcimers, plucked or hammered, mt. style banjos, psalteries, thumb pianos, kazoos. Also completed instruments and instruction books, records, and cases. HERE, INC., 410 Cedar, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55454.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Fine and lasting musical instruments in kit form. Patented Burton Jacks. Write Box 80222N Lincoln, Nebraska 68501, for free brochure.

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake, Dependable, beautiful moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

DULCIMERS, FRETLESS BANJOS of highest quality craftsmanship and materials. Sunhearth, Roaring Spring, Pennsylvania 16673

Classified Rates

Per word (single insertion) .....60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year .....55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year .....50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year .....45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year .....40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

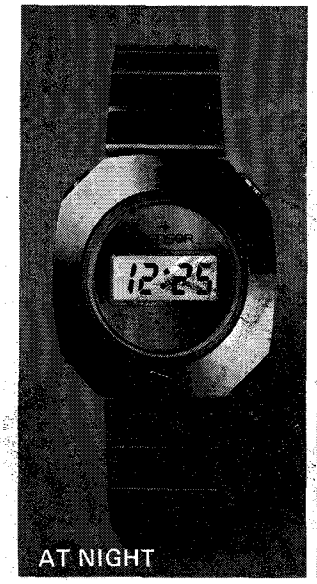
Copy Deadline: 19 days prior to Saturday issue date.

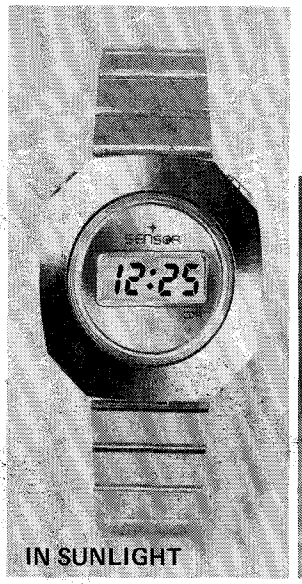
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036

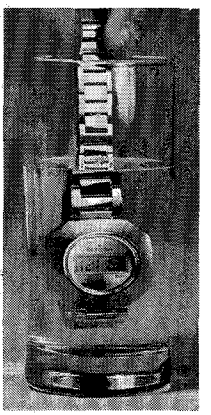
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SEP 9 19

Digital Watch Breakthrough!







The new CDR display dramatically increases legibility and battery life and opens a new era of watch technology.

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

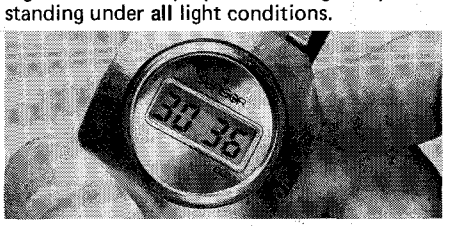
Would you do this with your solid-state watch? Of course not. Practically all solid-state watches require care and pampering. Not the Sensor 770. You can dunk it, drop it and abuse it without fear during its unprecedented five year parts and labor warranty.

At night or during the day, the Sensor's large, constantly "alive" CDR display is clear and easy to read.

A glance at your solid-state watch won't give you the time. Sound incredible? If it's an LED (light-emitting diode) watch, you've got to press the button first. If it's an LCD (liquid crystal display) watch, you must have plenty of light at just the right angle.

Now there's a new solid-state display technology called CDR (crystal diffusion reflection) incorporating the best features of the LED and the LCD displays. You can easily and constantly read your watch under any light conditions without strain or inconvenience.

The new CDR display takes the properties of the field-effect liquid crystal display, puts a strong reflective substance behind two closely-alligned polarization lenses, and the resulting large digits can be read clearly from practically any angle. When engaged, an integrated light source illuminates the display at night. The Sensor's constantly "alive" high-contrast display makes legibility outstanding under **all** light conditions.



Press the button on the Sensor 770 and the date and seconds appear in large black numerals—easy to read in any light.

A WORRY-FREE WATCH

Solid-state watches pose their own problems. They're fragile, they must be pampered, and they require frequent service. Not Sensor! Here are just five common solid-state watch problems you can forget about with this advanced space-age timepiece:

1. Forget about batteries Sensor is powered by a single EverReady battery that will actually last years without replacement. In fact, if your battery fails during the first five years, we will replace it free of charge. A low-power indicator tells you when to change the battery one month in advance and you simply open the hatch at the back of your watch and replace the battery yourself.

2. Forget about water Take a shower or go swimming. The Sensor is so water-resistant that it withstands depths of up to 100 feet.

3. Forget about shocks A three foot drop onto a solid hardwood floor or a sudden jar. Sensor's solid case construction, dual strata crystal, and cushioned quartz timing circuit make it the most rugged solid-state quartz watch ever produced.

4. Forget about service The Sensor 770 has an unprecedented five-year parts and labor unconditional warranty. Each watch goes through weeks of aging, testing and quality control before assembly and final inspection. Service should never be required, but if it should anytime during the five year warranty period, we will pick up your Sensor at your door and send you a loaner watch while yours is repaired—all at our expense.

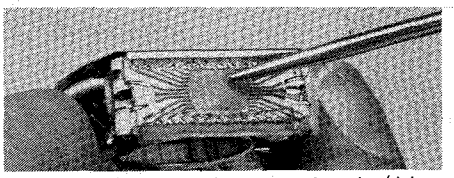
5. Forget about changing technology The Sensor is literally years ahead of every other watch in durability and technology. But should Sensor's technology improve anytime during the next five years, you may trade in your watch for Sensor's newer model under JS&A's liberal trade-in policy.

COMPARED TO EVERY OTHER

The $275 Pulsar uses the LED technology which requires pressing a button each time you want to review the time. Even the $500 solar-powered Synchronar watch, in our opinion, can't compare with the Sensor and its 5-year warranty. And no solid-state watch can compare to Sensor's quality, accuracy, ruggedness and exceptional value.

PLENTY OF ADVANCED FUNCTIONS

Sensor's five functions give you everything you really need in a solid-state watch. Your watch displays the hours and minutes constantly. Depress a button and your watch displays the seconds and date constantly. There's also an AM/PM indicator. To adjust the time, insert a ball-point pen into the four-channel time-control switch. Each channel independently controls one time function. In short, you can change the hours without affecting the date, and the minutes without affecting the hours.



A pin points to the new decoder/driver integrated circuit which takes the input from the oscillator countdown integrated circuit and computes the time while driving the display. This single space-age device replaces thousands of solid-state circuits and provides the utmost reliability—all unique to Sensor.

Sensor's accuracy is unparalleled. All solid-state digitals incorporate a quartz crystal. So does the Sensor. But crystals change frequency from aging and shock. And to reset them, the watch case must be opened and an air-tight seal broken which may affect the performance. In the Sensor, the crystal is first aged before it is installed, and secondly, it is actually cushioned in the case to absorb tremendous shock. The quartz crystal can also be adjusted through the battery compartment without opening the case. In short, your watch should be accurate to within 5 seconds per month and maintain that accuracy for years without adjustment and without ever opening the watch case.

STANDING BEHIND A PRODUCT

JS&A is America's largest single source of electronic calculators, digital watches and other space-age products. We have selected the Sensor as the most advanced American-made, solid-state timepiece ever produced. And we put our company and its full resources behind that selection. JS&A will unconditionally guarantee the Sensor—even the battery—for five years. We'll even send you a loaner watch to use while your watch is being repaired should it ever require repair. And our liberal trade-in policy guarantees that new watch technology will never leave you behind.

Wear the Sensor for one full month. If you are not convinced that the Sensor is the most rugged, precise, dependable and the finest quality solid-state watch in the world, return it for a prompt and courteous refund.

To order your Sensor, credit card buyers may simply call our toll-free number below or mail us a check in the amount indicated below plus $2.50 for postage, insurance and handling. (Illinois residents add 5% sales tax) We urge you, however, to act promptly and reserve your Sensor 770 today.

Stainless steel w/leather strap $99.95
Stainless steel w/metal band $109.95
Gold plated w/leather strap $119.95
Gold plated w/metal band $129.95

JS&A NATIONAL SALES GROUP

DEPT. NR 4200 DUNDEE ROAD
NORTHBROOK, ILLINOIS 60062
CALL TOLL-FREE. . . . (800) 323-6400
In Illinois call . . . . . (312) 498-6900

© JS&A Group, Inc., 1975

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED